

INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER

#201

\$6.95

THE BATHS

DRUMMER

**STEAM
SOAP
SEX
THE BATHS**

plus

**Mr. Drummer
Europe**



DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED

NEW HOT CLASSIFIEDS!

**I WANT TO
SUCK YOUR
COCK!**

1 268 404-SUCK

Low cost Int'l rates

**FREE CALL
1-888
DICK-LINE**

**HOT
HORNY
COLLEGE
BOYS**

1-900-666-6868

\$2.99/min. 18+

**CALL
NOW!**

1-800-CUM-FAST

©1996 TASTEFUL COMMUNICATIONS

www.cumfast.com

Must be 18+

GET YOUR DAILY DOSE.



SEX
with
MEN

1-800-77PRO-66253

ONLY \$1.25 FOR EACH MINUTE OF PLEASURE. Discreetly charged to your Visa/MasterCard

1-900-999-3333

ONLY \$1.99 FOR EACH MINUTE OF PLEASURE. Discreetly charged to telephone

LIVE!
24 HRS!
ALL MALE
ACTION!

Believe it!!

I'll
blow
my
load

...right in your fucking mouth!

1-800-710-HUNK

1-800-370-4FUC

\$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18 & OLDER.

1-900-674-COCK

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED! \$1.98/MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

Get Off! Call Now!

\$2.98 Per min. On your phone bill. Must be 18 or older

900-666-DICK

No credit card needed


HOT HUNGRY HOLLYWOOD ACTORS WANT DICK!

800-ANAL-WET

2 6 2 5 9 3 8

ON-1 • VOICE PERSONALS • WILD FANTASIES!

LIVE OUT YOUR FANTASY!



1-900-246-STUD

FROM \$1.99 TO 3.99/MIN.

1-809-490-8430

INT'L TOLL APPLIES

18+

THIS DICK WILL FILL YOUR ASS REAL GOOD!

CALL NOW! LIVE! 24 HRS!

1-800-357-SUCK

1-800-357-7825

\$2.98 min. Must be 18 or older. Visa or M/C or check by phone.

1-900-745-8081

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED. \$2.98-MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. MUST BE 18+

TAKE THE WAY!



1-809-490-8430

INT'L TOLL APPLIES

1-900-246-BUFF

FROM \$1.99 TO 3.99/MIN.

18+

6-285-29

1-800-449-4-SUCK

1998 CHLAIN MAJOR CHECK BY PHONE DIRECT BILLING

"I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK THEN FUCK MY ASS!"

24 HOUR LIVE SEX!

CUM GET FUCKED!

1-ON-1 • LEATHER • DOMINATION • NATIONWIDE PERSONALS

1-900-666-STUD

\$2.98 PER MIN ON YOUR PHONE BILL 18+ NO CREDIT NEEDED!

SWING WITH ME!



1-592-1999

INT'L TOLL APPLIES

1-900-246-GUYS

FROM \$1.99 TO 3.99/MIN.

Butt-Banging
ACTION
the Way You
Like It!

FEEL

**EVERY
INCH!**

1-800-790-STUD⁷⁸⁸³
1-800-750-COCK²⁶²⁵

\$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18 & OLDER.

1-900-674-4GAY⁴⁴²⁹

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
\$2.98 MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. MUST BE 18 OR OLDER

call now!
LIVE!
24 hrs!

**International
Drummer
Magazine****NORTH AMERICAN OFFICE**

International Drummer
PO Box 410390
San Francisco, CA 94141-0390
Telephone: 415-252-1195
Fax: 415-252-9574

EUROPEAN OFFICE

International Drummer
PO Box 16602
1001 RC Amsterdam
Telephone: +31 20 639 3023
Fax: +31 20 627 3220

PUBLISHER

Martin Bakker

OPERATIONS MANAGER

Rainer Davolt

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

Wickie Stamps

ART & PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Wido Crosson

MARKETING MANAGER

Stephen W. Day

FINANCIAL & FULFILLMENT MANAGER

Dan Fabrizio

"If a man does not keep
pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he
hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music
that he hears, however
measured and far away"

— Henry David Thoreau

**Issue #201
Contributors****CREATIVE DIRECTION**

Sam Sanchez, Studio Njuano

ART DIRECTION FEATURES

Jamey Price, PhotoGrafiX

ART DIRECTION DEPARTMENTS

Bert W. Green, Circle Elephant Fine Art

PROOFREADING SERVICES

Terry Branoff, WordDog SF

WRITERS

Marcus Hernandez, Jack Rinella,
Christopher J. Hogan, Dr. Norman
Greenstein, Scott O'Hara, Dan Guida, D.
Travers Scott, Stoney, Simon Sheppard,
Kellan Farshea, Thomas Lukens

ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

Pig Play Pictures, Flex Bathhouse, Falcon
Video, Drummer Archives

DRUMMER (ISSN 1055-7415) is published in the U.S. for \$59 (\$120 outside of the U.S. with U.S. funds) per 12-issue subscription by Desmodus, Inc., 2354 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114. Second class postage paid at San Francisco, CA and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to DRUMMER, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390. Orders accepted by MasterCard, Visa, American Express at 415-252-1195.

CUMLINES, CUMMING UP, DEAR SIR, DRUM, DRUMBEAT, DRUMMEDIA, DRUMMER, DRUMMERBOY, DRUMMER DADDIES, DRUMMERMEN, GETTING OFF, IN PASSING, MALECALL, MR. DRUMMER, ROUGH STUFF, TC, TC TALES, TIES THAT BIND, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, MR. DRUMMER AND TOUGH SHIT are registered trademarks of Desmodus Inc.

No acknowledgment is sent when Drummer receives unsolicited material. Unsolicited art and manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, if the sender wants them returned. Make certain that your name and address are on the manuscript or on the reverse of each photo or piece of art. All rights to letters and/or snapshots sent to Drummer will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to Desmodus, Inc.'s right to edit and comment editorially. Desmodus, Inc. can assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Rate of payment for photos, articles and illustrations negotiated on a per item basis.

Any similarity between characters appearing in Drummer and actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in Drummer is not to be taken as an indication of his or her sexual preference or lifestyle. This magazine fully complies with all applicable requirements of 18 U.S.C. 2257 or 28 C.F.R. Part 75. This magazine may contain some visual depictions of actual sexually explicit conduct. The records required by law with respect to this magazine are kept by the Custodian of Records at the office of the producer at the following location: Wickie Stamps, Editor, Desmodus, Inc., 2354 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

© 1997 by Desmodus, Inc. Published January 1997. All rights reserved. No part of the magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission of the publisher.

On the cover: Photo by Falcon Video
Contents page: Photo by Pig Play Pictures

CONTENTS**COLUMNS****MaleCall 8**

Letters from our readers

DrumMedia 14 Video Reviews

Video reviews by Christopher J. Hogan

Techniques 19 "Suckulent Sex"

by Dr. Norman Greenstein

A discussion of the pros and cons of sex using a vacuum cleaner.

FEATURES**Boys In Backyard 10**

Photos from the Drummer Archives

A Night At The Baths 23

Photos taken at the Flex Bathhouse in Cleveland.

Cover Story 28 The Baths

"Through A Maze Darkly" by Scott O'Hara and
"My Life & Times At The Baths" by Dan Guida

Dungeon Cops 32

Photos by Falcon Video

The Stud Slut Chronicles 36

Over And Under by Scott O'Hara

The Art of Lazaro Amaral 38**Hot Steamy Action In Amsterdam 38**

Mr. Drummer Europe is chosen.

Calling All Pigs 42

Photos from Pig Play Pictures

BOOK SECTION**Book Reviews 61****Among Friends 65**

Fiction by Stoney

Afterlife 69

Fiction by Simon Sheppard

Kellan Ethics 73

Non-fiction by Kellan Farshea

DEPARTMENTS**DrumBeat 53****Classifieds 79**

Make contact on the Drummer Tough Line.

Calendar 201 97**Opinion 99**

"Reflections Of The Bath" by Thomas Lukens



Hit Me Hard

Just read Sex Boxing and Body Punching, by Ken Holt (International Drummer #193, Jock Sex). Body punches have always been my biggest turn on. I would like to know if Ken has written any other body punching stories. If he has, please let me know how I can get a copy.

MB

Vancouver, BC

Ed. I do not know if Ken Holt has written any other articles on body punching, but I have forwarded your letter on to him.

Walk on the Wild Side

I read your Walking on the Wild Side article (International Drummer #195, Puff On A Big One) and liked it. Ashtrays, literally, were being seen on conspicuous surfaces in public places about the time the song came out.

TR

NY, NY

Cheap or Cheesy?

#198 is all newspaper print. Was this a cost-cutting move or a failed attempt at the erotic?

ER

Ghent, NY

Ed. Actually it was neither. The printers of the glossy section of our publication shut for over three weeks so...rather than skip an issue, we opted for printing the entire magazine at the printers who provides us with the newspaper section of the magazine. Sorry for the lack of notification — a bureaucratic oversight.

Daddy Wannabe

I really enjoyed your #198 issue (Come to Daddy). There are many fine articles, very good artwork, and excellent photography — especially on the cover. Presently,



I am a Daddy only in my mind, but hope to change that soon. When I do, if I may borrow Mr. Sheppard's comment in the last five line of his story (Daddies, Boys, Where to Begin): "When I become 'Daddy', I (will) try to be the Daddy I wish had: affectionate, demanding, worthy of respect." I will also try to produce and maintain the look of physical and emotional contentment the Daddy on the cover of this issue created on his son's face. And I hope I, at that moment, have the Daddy's look of control and pride. Keep up the fine work.

A Wannabe Daddy

Connecticut



Keeping It Up

Just a note of special thanks for the coverage you gave me when I received the Los Angeles Leather title (International Drummer #195, Puff On A Big One). The picture was great and what a great issue! This issue was one of the hottest in the industry. It shows that real men are hot and even hotter in leather or uniform. I feel honored to have been a part of your magazine. Keep up the good work — it sure keeps me up.

Michael Shewan

Mr. Los Angeles Leather 96-97

Drummer Loses Its Hard-on

I am really sick and tired of how soft Drummer has gotten. The stories and coverage is great, but the images — forget it. I can barely get hard anymore. What gives? MD

Hampton, VA


Ed. We agree. But, due to an onslaught of censorship laws — and more community standards, we at Drummer can barely show sex anymore. During the Republican convention not only was Drummer pulled from the stands in San Deigo (International Drummer #196, Pissboy image pg. 42 and Rex image, pg. 90) but also our Hardcore fiction issue (Hun image, pg. 37). And it was for drawings that showed a tiny bit of bodily fluids! But...we persevere and remain committed to showing you the hottest images we can. ■

Send Letters to the Editor to:

Drummer PO Box 410390

San Francisco, CA 94141-0390

or fax: 415-252-9574




**CUM
PLAY
WITH
MY
HOSE!**

011-592-595-811
INT'L TOLL APPLIES

1-900-246-GUYS
FROM \$1.99 TO 3.99/MIN.

18+

**MILE
HIGH
RIDE!**

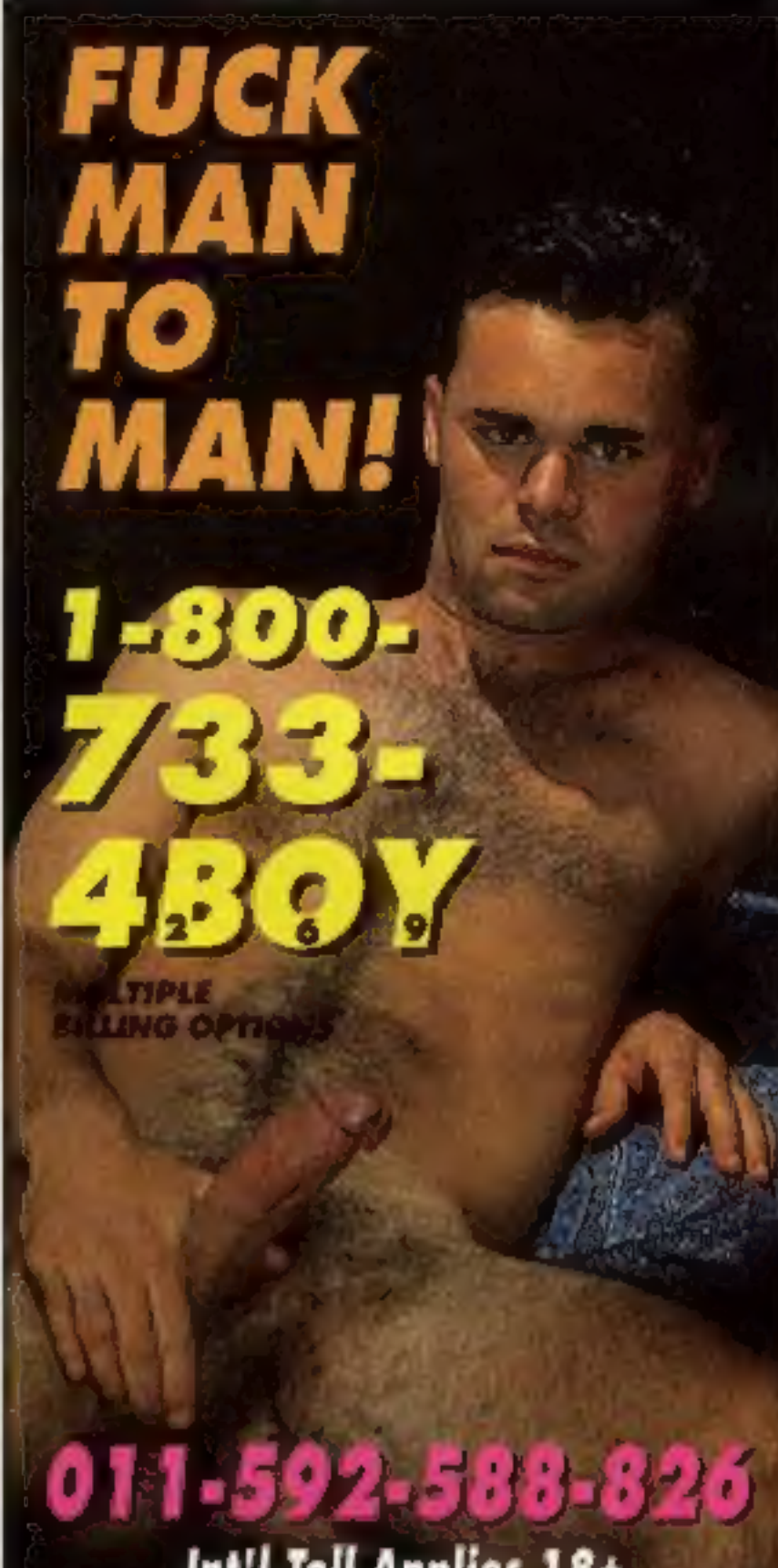


**1-800-
680-
BOYS**
MULTIPLE
BILLING OPTIONS

**1-809-
490-8481**
INT'L TOLL APPLIES

18+

**FUCK
MAN
TO
MAN!**



**1-800-
733-
4BOY**
MULTIPLE
BILLING OPTIONS

011-592-588-826
Int'l Toll Applies 18+

**It's Slick! It's Shiny!
It's Hot! It's Nasty!**

...And You MUST Subscribe!



Rubber Rebel

The American Fetish Magazine For Men

One Year Subscription:

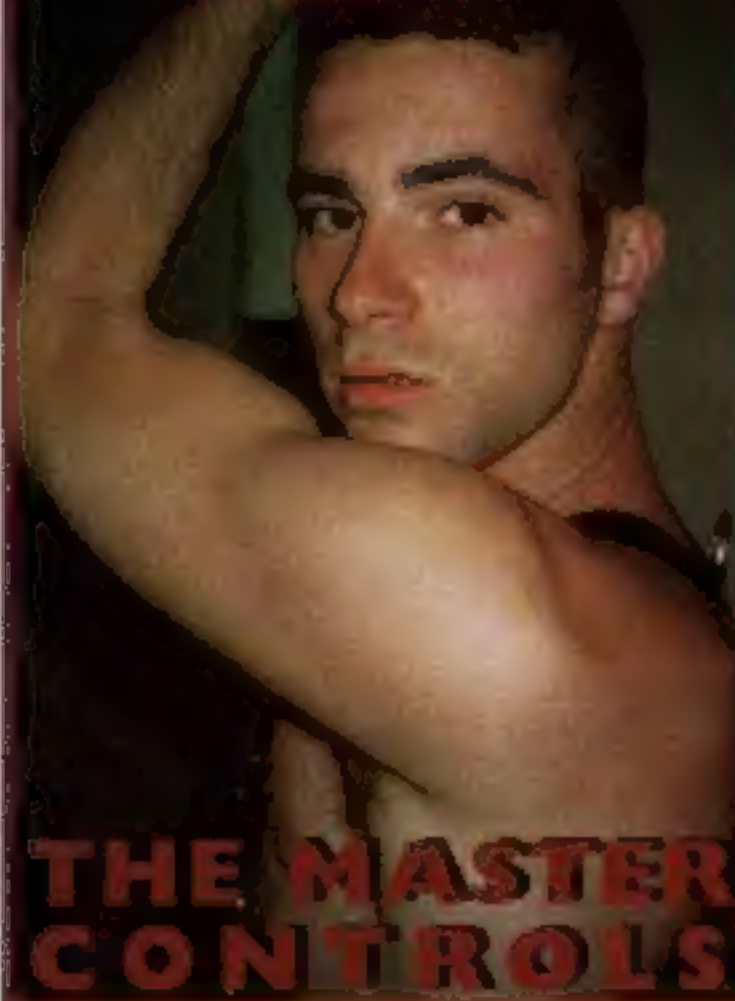
USA \$63 USD, Canada \$81 USD,
all other int'l locations \$117 USD

VISA/Mastercard Accepted

1-800-796-2533

Because there's more to life than just leather.

**CLOSE-UP PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS**

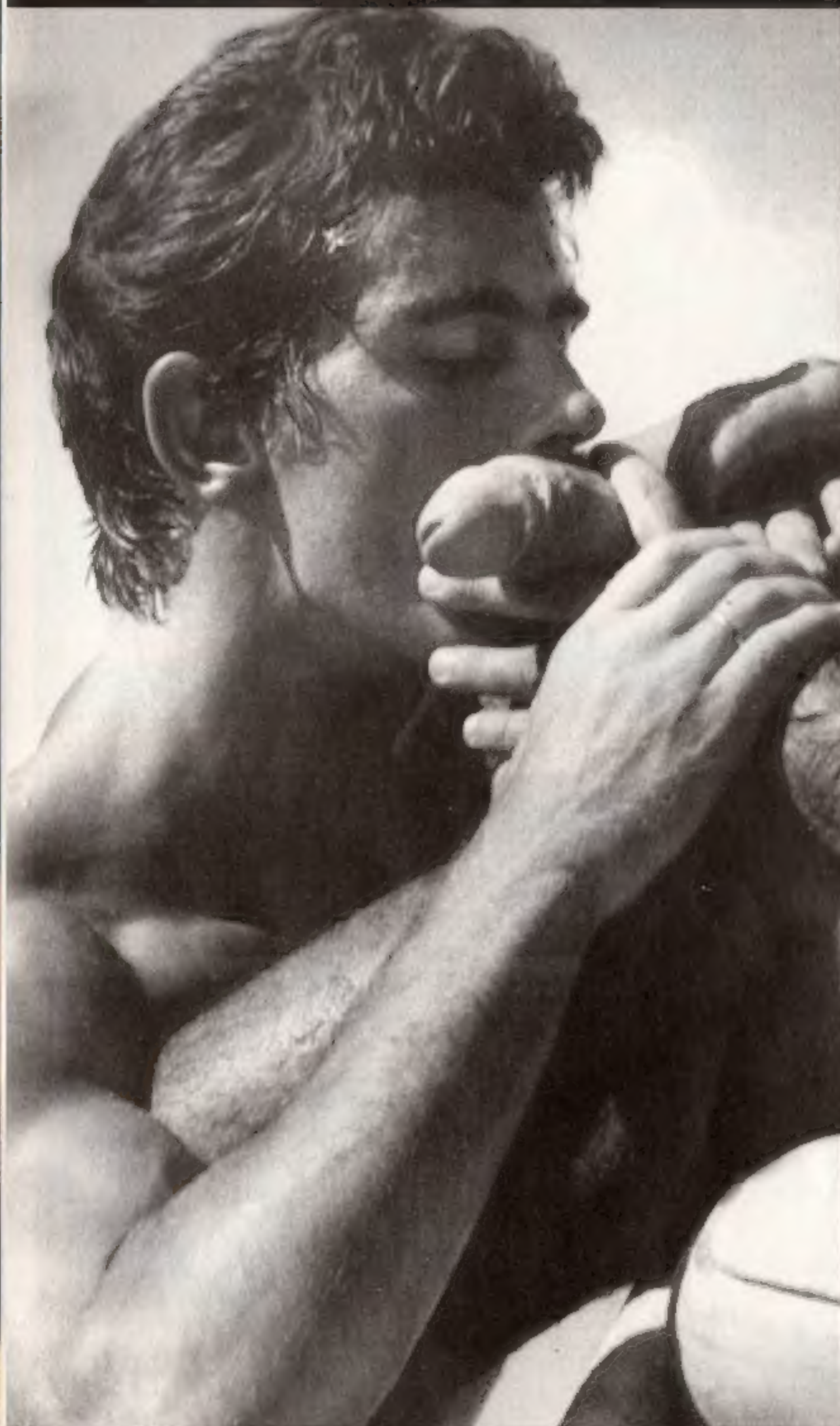


**THE MASTER
CONTROLS**

Make checks or money orders payable to:
Close-Up Productions P.O. Box 691658 West Hollywood, CA 90069-1658

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ St _____ Zip _____
Signature _____
Credit Card # _____
Visa-M/C only By signing and submitting this order, I certify that I am 21 or older.

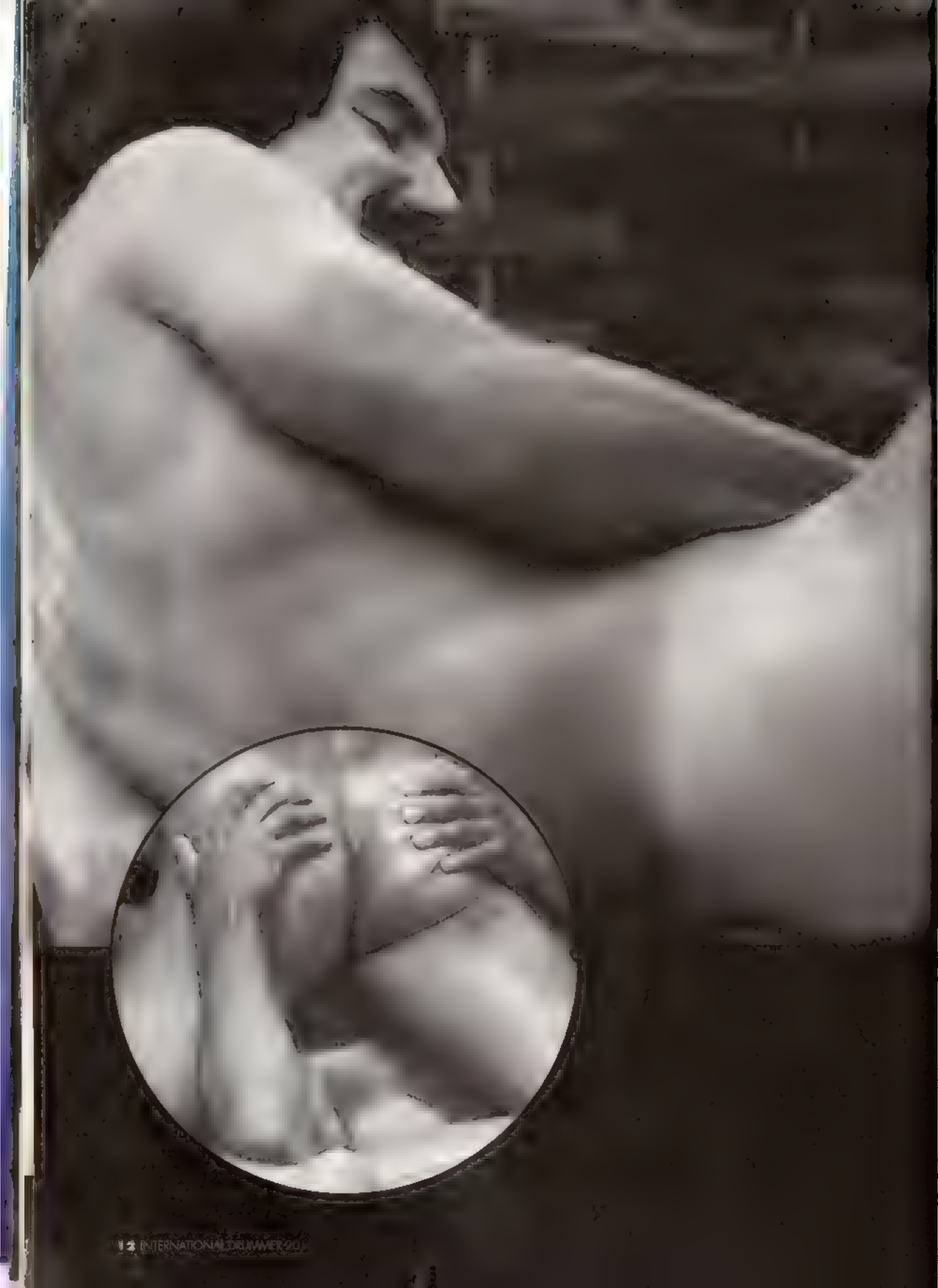
**THE MASTER
CONTROLS**
\$69.00
+ \$5 P/H
CV-1067



Photos from the Drummer archives

BOYS IN THE BACKYARD







BOYS IN THE BACKYARD

Porn Reviews

BY CHRISTOPHER J HOGAN

Butt Spanking.

Produced by Bacchus Releasing in association with Shadow Entertainment. Produced and directed by Shad Doe. Production coordinator: Guy Young. Edited by Scarlet Begonia. Starring Rick Rogue, Tony Lexus, Mike Prescott, and Alan Cage. To order call 800/923-7355.

Shad Doe—do you think that's his real name?—has produced and directed a spanking video much like those in the well known "Spare the Rod" series. However, there are a few big differences between Doe's work and "Spare the Rod" videos. First, the models in Butt Spanking

Rick Rogue is unquestionably the star of Butt Spanking. He appears in all four sequences usually as the top, but his ass does get beaten by Mike Prescott in the second scene. Rogue is almost painfully uncomfortable delivering dialogue and setting up the scenes. He is so self aware and awkward that we never forget for a moment that he is performing for the camera. Sometimes his manner detracts from the video, but only when it's not very important. During the actual spanking sequences, Rogue's somewhat clumsy handling of things somehow works. He manages to emit a sense of joy in discovery. It's as if he's saying to us, "I was just doing this for the money, but it turns out I really like this spanking stuff."

The rest of the performers in Butt Spanking are a little smoother than Rogue. Prescott is especially good. He delivers an ass whopping to Rogue but takes as much pleasure in getting the same done to him moments later. Despite a good cast, Butt Spanking doesn't fully work as a fetish video. The technical quality is as unpolished as Rogue's performance, but that only hurts the video. More importantly, the spankings given simply aren't very severe. The guys' asses turn a little red, but there is no feeling that this is hard-core corporal punishment. Still, it is nice to see the performers get so turned on by the spanking. Hard dicks are, unfortunately, hard to find in fetish porn.

Total Corruption II: One Night in Jail

HIS Video. Directed by Chi Chi LaRue. Written and produced by Gender. Cinematography by Bruce Cam. Starring Scott Randsome, Karl Bruno, Tom Katt, Blade Thompson, Hank Hightower, Jordan Young, Vic Hall, Tony Brocco,

Chris Dano, Taylor Perelli, Hancock Blue, Adam Wilde, Shane Cannon, and Anna Cigar. To order write HIS Video, 9650 DeSoto Ave., Chatsworth, CA 91311-5012, or call 800/458-4336 (in CA call 800/621 2682).

Cops and crooks getting it on have long been the subject of raunchy gay porn. Like many uniform fantasies, this theme has also become common in vanilla videos. Total Corruption II: One Night in Jail shows hope of getting down and dirty in its depiction of jail house action, but it quickly becomes apparent that this video sticks to sucking, fucking, and j/o. Even on that level, Total Corruption II is a disappointment especially since it was directed by Chi Chi LaRue who generally does excellent work.

The cast is a wonderful mix of tough manly men and sweet young things. It's also good to see some veterans like Blade Thompson working with fresher faces like Jordan Young. Given the outstanding cast and the great set-ups, there could be some really hot sex here. Sadly, what we get instead are several missed opportunities. For example, one scene features a jail cell "orgy" with prisoners Scott Randsome, Adam Wilde, Vic Hall, and Taylor Perelli who are joined by guard Hancock Blue. Literally, all that happens is that Wilde sucks Hall and Randsome's

From HIS Video's "Total Corruption II"



From HIS Video's "Total Corruption II"

do not necessarily look like you might expect them to. All four are rather young and attractive, but they are not standard gym-built porn stars. In fact, two of them are almost quirky looking. While the "Spare the Rod" series uses traditional top/bottom roles and stereotypes, Butt Spanking mixes things up a bit. In three of the four scenes, it is not readily apparent who will spank whom, and in one of the scenes, the roles switch. Finally, unlike "Spare the Rod" videos, the guys in Butt Spanking get hard-ons and even jack off to orgasm at the end of their spanking sessions.



From Falcon Video's "Nighthawken"

clucks while Perelli and Blue watch and jack off. Oh well.

Total Corruption II does try to make a statement against police entrapment in public sex parks—talk about preaching to the choir. However, the “message” in this video is a little hard to take coming from Scott Randsome. He talks and talks about how great it is to be gay and how hot public, gay sex is, but he barely participates in gay sex. Actions speak louder than words, so if you’re going to say there’s nothing wrong with gay sex, you’d better be willing to suck some cock.

Nighthawken

Falcon International Collection. Directed by Victor Dunal. Edited by Delta Digital. Starring Michael Simovik, Kristoff Jonas, Roman Ghregor, Milos Janek, Daniel Ruzovy, Dano Sulik, Alexy Hanzlik, Jan German, Martin Valko, Peter Sidow, and Eric Kovac. To order write Falcon Studios, P.O. Box 420750, San Francisco, CA 94142-0750, call 800/227-3717 (in California, call 415/431-7722), or visit the Falcon website at <http://www.falconstudios.com>.

Judging by its title, one might think Nighthawken was a dark leather video. Coming from the Falcon International Collection which gave us Lucas’s Story and other videos by George Duroy, Nighthawken might be the latest thing for boy lovers. This video is, in fact, the latter. Very cute young (as in eighteen to twenty-two years old) guys get together and get it on. Nighthawken falls short of the expectations built by other Falcon International Collection videos. The videography is not well done, and the sex isn’t very hot. These boys do maintain incredible raging boners for long periods of time. They also shoot amazing loads of

cum. There just isn’t a lot of joy or excitement here. The performers are not, alas, as wonderfully versatile as the boys we have seen in early imports from Eastern Europe. Much of the video has the lamentable quality of going through the motions of sex, and you can rent American videos to see that.

Cocktales, Volume II: Captive Cop

Dogboy Productions. Directed, produced, and edited by Joe Wright. Cinematography by Jack Liddon and Joe Wright. Sign interpreter: Ron Sikora. Starring Mark Cairns and Jon Folsom. To order write Dogboy Productions Inc., 3023 N. Clark St., Suite #115, Chicago, IL 60657.

Dogboy Productions has followed up Cocktales, Volume I: Sizzle with (surprise) Cocktales, Volume II: Captive Cop. Like its predecessor, Captive Cop features only two performers in the sex scenes. This time it’s the cop who gets tortured, beaten, and humiliated. The video starts with police officer Jon Folsom tied to a chair. The “thug,” Mark Cairns, soon enters and begins to work on Folsom. Cairns tears open Folsom’s uniform shirt and then forces the cop to lick his boots. He then applies tit clamps to Folsom that are so big and heavy they look more like vice grips on chains than sex toys.

After some more torture in the chair including being subjected to vacu-pumping, Folsom is untied. Once released, the

From Falcon Video's "Nighthawken"



cop is stripped for more discipline. Cairns spansks his ass with his hand and with a riding crop. There is also more boot licking to be done. Cairns finger fucks Folsom and the men engage in a little sixty-nining. Finally, both guys get off.

Captive Cop is a quite decent, raunchy video. The action is interesting, and the sexual dynamic is believable. One interesting aspect of the video is that there is no verbal abuse. There is no speaking at all. Apparently, one or both of the performers is hearing impaired. (A sign interpreter is listed in the credits.) Dogboy is to be commended for casting these guys. They are both certainly hot enough to be in porn, but many studios might not have used them. Director Joe Wright doesn’t really hide the disability in the video, but he doesn’t embrace it. Seeing the guys sign on screen would have been fine. It may have even made the action hotter.

Weekend Sex Camp

Close-Up Productions. Directed by Steve Johnson. Videography by Steve Walker and Steve Johnson. Starring Eduardo, Sam Carson, Paul Carrigan, Brian Kidd, Chaz Carlton, and Michael Vista. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

Steve Johnson and Close-Up Productions have moved up to the gay porn big league with Weekend Sex Camp. The production values are much higher than in early videos from this studio. They have also snagged some of the best and most popular performers working to appear in it. Sadly, it seems that Close-Up productions sacrificed its edge to move into the mainstream. If their past productions were not the most hard-core SM stuff on the market, they at least had a pleasant raunchy bite to them. It would have been terrific to see guys like Sam Carson, Paul Carrigan, and Brian Kidd engaged in the type of action we saw in Alex’s Leather Dream or Daddy’s Slave Induction. That’s not what Weekend Sex Camp gives us. Instead, it’s filled with fair but purely vanilla sex. ■



KINK VIDEO **ALL MALE FETISH VIDEO** FOR GUYS WHO LIKE IT IN THEIR FACE!!!

For more info send signed statement of age to:
KINK-D, POB 420570, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142-0570
 or call (415) 436-9840
 Email us at kinkvideo@aol.com
<http://www.ultima.org/kinkvideo>
 Please mention where you heard about us.

FLOW ME
 A hot plasma gets his ass probed by his sexy boyfriend's fingers, boys, cock and flat. Then a hungry bottom wants to get his hole worked over so he calls on his friend's huge dick and hot flat to fill him to full capacity. 10 min. \$9.99.

DISCIPLINE DELIVERY
 A reluctant delivery boy is shocked & well gagged, disciplined with cock and ball torture, hot wax, hot ash, spanking, verbal humiliation & more. He is then strapped to a wheel, flipped upside down & subjected to further abuse. 20 min. \$19.99.


BEYOND BONDAGE
 A hot top subjects his slave to the stocks, the rack and the confinement coffin, ultimately humiliating him in callaphony and Aunt Saps. It also includes boot worship, cock & ball torture, hot ash abuse, hot wax & tit torture. 80 min. \$69.

PUNISHMENT
 A hot top subjects his slave to the stocks, the rack and the confinement coffin, ultimately humiliating him in callaphony and Aunt Saps. It also includes boot worship, cock & ball torture, hot ash abuse, hot wax & tit torture. 80 min. \$69.

MEN IN JAIL
 PARTY LINE
 1-ON-1
 MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
1-800-451-CAGE
 INSTANT CREDIT
1-818-597-2011

WAS HAD TO PHONE SEX
29¢
 CALL NOW!!!
1-818-597-5808
 MAJOR CREDIT CARD REQUIRED

PENIS & NIPPLE ENLARGEMENT
DR. JOEL KAPLAN
 Professional Vacuum Pumps
 Permanent and Safe
 Electric or Manual Systems
 Gain 1" to 3"
 Resolve Impotence
 Surgical/Non Surgical



1-312-409-5557
 Free Photographs and Brochures
1-800-978-PUMP
 Latest Enlargement Info. \$2.95/min.


HOT SEX TIPS
1-800-SEX-4-GA
1-900-435-ASS

1-900-666-2266
10¢ PER MIN. MUST BE 18 OR OLDER

LATINO STUDS

1-800-820-4865 HUNK
10¢ PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. CHECK BY PHONE OR CREDIT CARD. 18 & OLDER

ALWAYS LIVE!



call now! LIVE! 24 hrs!

OFF DUTY COP WILL STRAIGHTEN YOUR ASS OUT!

1-800-850-4HUNK
10¢ PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. CHECK BY PHONE OR CREDIT CARD. 18 & OLDER

1-900-666-JOCK
10¢ PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. CHECK BY PHONE OR CREDIT CARD. 18 & OLDER

MAN-TO-MAN ONE-ON-ONE

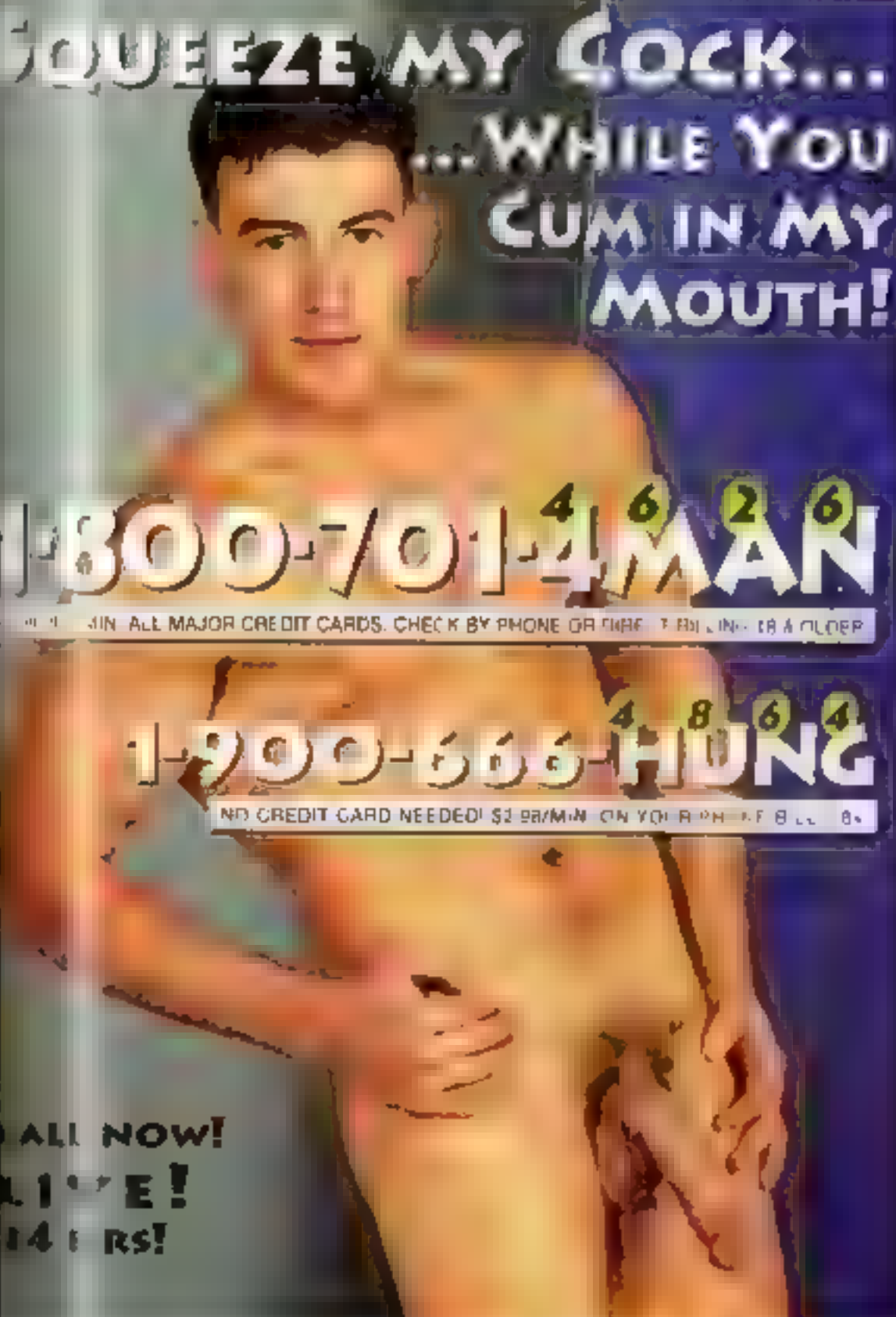


SQUEEZE MY COCK... WHILE YOU CUM IN MY MOUTH!

1-800-701-4626 MAN
10¢ PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. CHECK BY PHONE OR CREDIT CARD. 18 & OLDER

1-900-666-4864 HUNG
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED! \$1.99/MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18 & OLDER

ALL NOW! LIVE! 24 HRS!



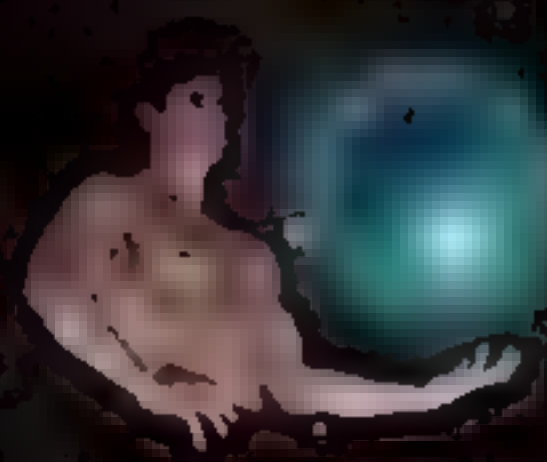
"STICK IT TO ME!"

1-800-666-2625 COCK
10¢ PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. CHECK BY PHONE OR CREDIT CARD. 18 & OLDER

1-900-674-4382 FUC
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED! \$1.99/MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18 & OLDER



BIG BAW A BENEFIT FOR THE AIDS INFORMATION NETWORK: PHILADELPHIA WEEKEND



BOX OFFICE TICKETS
 800-494-TIX

Top
 Court
 Independence
 6th & Walnut E

Music: Mark

Travel Accom
ROSEN
Local
 800-

For Additional Inform
 Weekend Eve
 (215) 575-1110

<http://www.cripaath.org/aia/home>
 e-mail: zinman@cri

Suckulent Sex

BY DR. NORMAN GREENSTEIN

I recently received the following letter from a fan of the vacuum cleaner as a sexual device. He is so eloquent with regard to his enjoyment of his trusty Hoover I must let him speak for himself:

Dear Dr. Greenstein:

My new boyfriend is nervous about trying a technique on me which I have found to be safe and extremely satisfying. I have written him the following essay and I hope you will be able to make medical comments about the safety of male genital vacuuming that will help allay his fears.

The key element in genital vacuuming is a powerful canister vacuum cleaner. It should not be so loud as to interfere with the Master's concentration, but loud enough to impress the slave with the power of the vacuum. The noise and sensation of the vacuum work together, giving both the feeling of suction as the machine grabs the testicles and pulls them, and the fear of being castrated if the vacuum pulls hard enough. The vacuum cleaner is a machine which does not understand the bottom's fear or pain but methodically sucks on the captured testicles or penis, subject to the whim and control of the Master.

A vacuum cleaner would have to be incredibly powerful in order to castrate his captured testicles, much more force than is produced by a household appliance. Many men play with ball stretchers, parachutes and weights, and various other techniques putting stress on the scrotum without damage. Indeed, if the bag in the machine is full it barely pro-

Many men play with ball stretchers, parachutes and weights, and various other techniques putting stress on the scrotum without damage.

PHOTOS: DRUMMER ARCHIVES

TECHNIQUES

duces enough suction to be noticeable. In order to produce sufficient suction power, it is best to install a new bag right before a scene. Some vacuum cleaners allow operation without a bag installed, and this will enhance the suction power that much more.

The Master can increase incredibly the slave's pain by using the "slap-suck" technique on his slave's testicles. The dusting brush is positioned under the dangling testicles and then quickly flicked up against the lowermost one with the vacuum on maximum power. This presents a slave with a stinging in his scrotum that cannot be ignored. And it causes a panic in his mind that this suction that is ravaging his scrotum will just suck his balls off. The dusting brush tool on the end of the vacuum hose can be used to capture the testicle(s) into a hole in the center of the dusting bristles. This causes a burning, immediate pain in the scrotal skin which is then intensified by the vacuum sucking the testicle into the opening in the center of the dusting brush bristles which forces those bristles even harder into his scrotal skin to worsen the terrible burning sensation. This works best in a warm room or after the application of a warm washcloth, since the testicle is easier to capture if it is hanging as low in the sac as possible.

"The dust brush also works well to vacuum the penis. The penis head in the brush is surrounded by a rush of air which pulses rapidly, and the penis is stretched and pulled by the suction of the vacuum. It works best if the penis is semi-flaccid when it enters the brush. The feeling is more intense than directly applying a vibrator, and the suction feels like it is traveling down the urethra toward the supply of semen, like sucking a thick milkshake through a straw. The feeling is so intense I've never been able to last over a minute before I was powerfully ejaculating (so it's

important to put a thin cloth between the dust brush and the hose to catch the semen).

"There have been about 25 reported injuries in the medical literature to the penis from vacuuming since the 1940s. Only 1 resulted from direct application of a vacuum which was to an elderly Italian male with diabetes (which is known to weaken the skin tone). He suffered a ripping off of his uncircumcised foreskin (called a denuding) of his penis from his vacuuming of his penis; it's safer only to do this if the bottom is circumcised. Most other penis injuries were from the use of a hand held cleaner like a Dustbuster, which allowed the penis to come into contact with unprotected fan blades; whereas, the modern canister vacuum cleaner's hose attachment prevents contact with those fan blades in the canister unit, and is thus quite safe." —Nevada Steve

Steve, thanks so much for writing about your interest in this common household appliance. Your letter was so steamy I found it necessary to quote it at length for the enjoyment of our readers.

I agree there is little danger from using a canister vacuum as you describe, although I would caution against using one such as a Shop Vac which is more powerful than those intended for home use. The circular brush attachment you describe has an opening large enough that the suction is spread out safely, although I am a bit concerned about the chance of infection from skin punctures by the bristles.

You do not say if the vacuum is the same one you clean the floor with. Anything contaminating the bristles can be driven into the skin with your "slap-suck" approach and may cause nasty infection.



Cleaning the skin well with alcohol, betadine or peroxide after the scene will be helpful but I highly recommend using a brush which is only used on skin and never on floors. Since blood may contaminate the bristles after play, and brushes are very hard to disinfect completely due to particles possibly being trapped between the bristles, I recommend having the brush reserved for you alone.

Many men use suction devices such as the Accujack on the penis. While some use suction devices for treatment of impotence, many others use it for the sensation, or because they believe it may permanently enlarge their dick if they use it enough. These types of suction devices may occasionally cause small blood vessels inside the penis to burst, leading to bruising, but this is not serious. I have heard complaints of the texture of the penis in chronic Accujack users becoming too spongy for satisfactory oral sex. Playing with a vacuum cleaner brush is no more likely to cause such problems to the penis than a suction device.

I would caution against using the hose of the vacuum directly on either the penis or the scrotum. When either organ enters the tube and makes a seal, the machine's efficiency will decrease because the airflow is impeded, so the suction force will decrease. Even so, it is possible to get a pretty spectacular hickey on the scrotum with any vacuum cleaner. Sudden application of the tube of a higher horsepower machine may cause more serious damage.

It is true the scrotum can withstand the pull of large weights in some men; however, these must be applied slowly. The blood supply to the testicles is complex and tortuous, with many large and delicate veins. Yanking suddenly with a high-powered suction tube could rip one of these veins, leading to bleeding inside the scrotum which is dif-

ficult to control, or to damage to the epididymus. Large hematomas and injured epididymi can both

Castration-threat scenes touch on a primal and potent fear. This is not something to be played with

Castration-threat scenes touch on a primal and potent fear. This is not something to be played with lightly, and even if a submissive begs for it, is not something a Master should pursue on a first date.

develop infections which are very painful and can threaten fertility. At the very least, it is safer to apply the tube to the scrotum first, before turning on the vacuum cleaner. No matter how long the tube, the on-off switch should be close enough to be within reach.

In your letter you also mentioned the importance of castration fantasies to the experience of genital vacuuming. I think this touches on the difference between a submissive and a masochist. A pain slut with an appliance fetish will be into the sensation itself. A submissive may or may not enjoy the sensation, but to him the powerful nature of a vacuum-wielding Master will be more important.

lightly, and even if a submissive begs for it, is not something a Master should pursue on a first date. Emotional edge-play of this nature can be intoxicating and hot while it happens but can cause problems the next day or later. Many men have a history of physical or sexual abuse, and playing with primal fears such as castration may bring up repressed emotional traumas. A top and bottom playing with castration head games should wait to do so until there is a sufficient level of trust between them to talk about the feelings such play might bring up. The safety of the mind and emotions is just as important as the safety of the genitals. ■

EAT MY HUGE DICK!!
 PARTY LINE
 1-ON-1
 1-800-869-HUNG
 INSTANT CREDIT
 1-818-597-2022

SIT ON MY COCK
 1-800-420-COCK
 818-597-2020

WET WILD AND HORNY!!
 1-800-462-8888
 CALL NOW! TALK LIVE!!!
WHERE THE GUYS ARE
 1-900-666-2299
 NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
 \$2.99 Per min. On your phone bill. Must be 18 or older.

Gay Galaxy!
 National
 Marketplace
 1-809-490-8475
 Reg LD Charges Apply
 24 Hour
1-809-490-8111
 Owned By Gay
 Men for Gay Men!
 Regional Dating
 One-ON-One
 Group Action!
 Backrooms!
 Fantasies!
 Do it Live! Call Now! 1-268-404-4606

THE HOTTEST PHONE SEX ARE
1-800-282-6026
 \$2.99 Per min. On your phone bill. Must be 18 or older.
LIVE SEX!
COME GET LAD!
 1-ON-1
 2-ON-1
 Lesbian
 Personals
 No credit card
1-900-666-2525
 \$2.99 Per min. On your phone bill. Must be 18 or older.

A NIGHT AT THE

WEDNES



Photos taken in the Dungeon Room
at the Flex Bathhouse in Cleveland, Ohio



A NIGHT AT THE BATHS

The Flex Bathhouse
1293 W. 9th Street
Cleveland, Ohio
216-696-0595





A NIGHT AT THE BATHS

THROUGH A MAZE, DARKLY



BATH HOUSE SEX

By Scott O'Hara

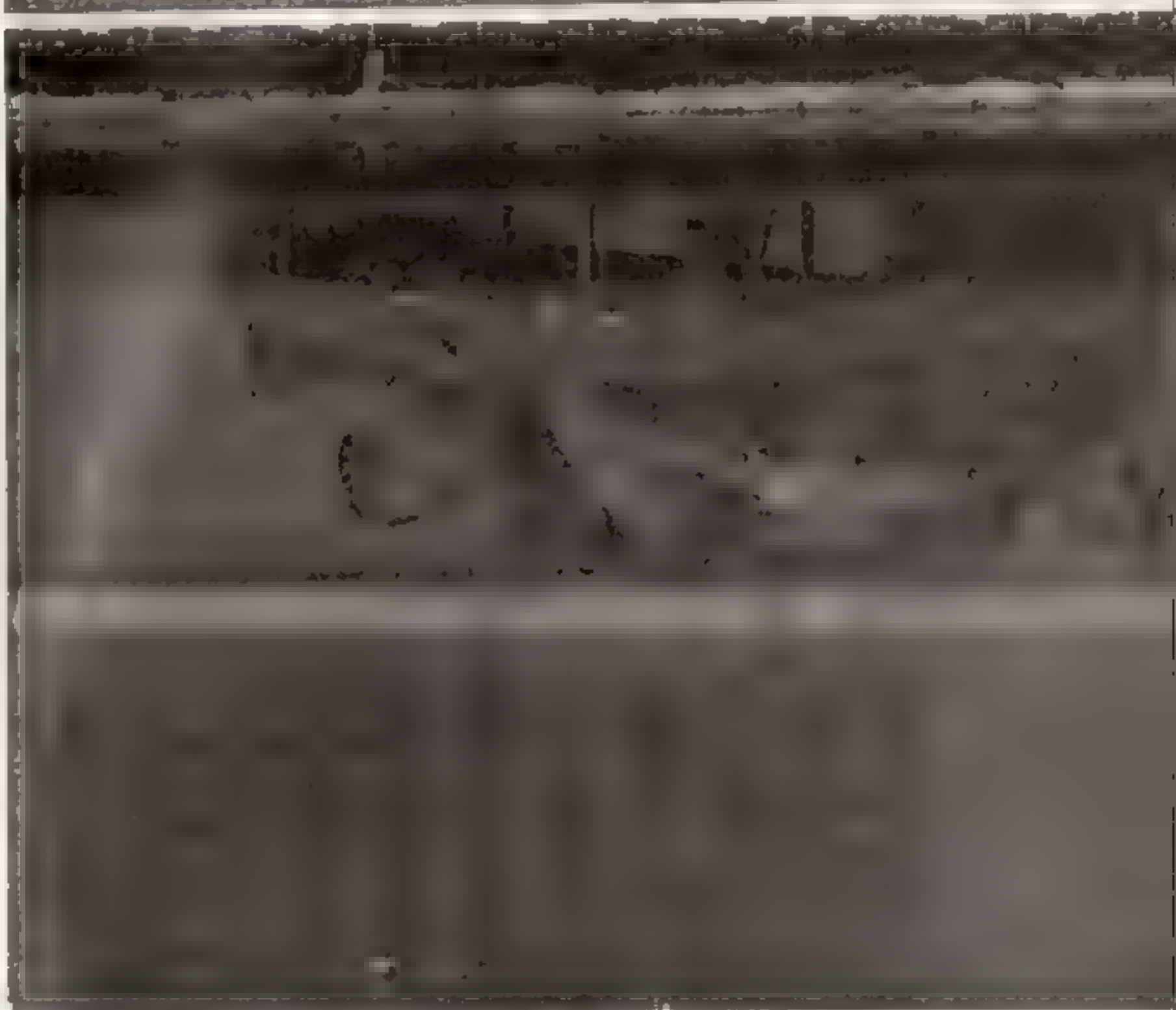
The Seventies are generally regarded as an era of licentiousness and sexual excess: bathhouses, discos, Fire Island, poppers, fisting, leather, cruising (and Cruising), backrooms, orgies. I regret to say that I'm not qualified to comment on most of this. I didn't set foot inside a bathhouse until May, 1980; I never liked disco; I've still never visited Fire Island (though my East Coast friends maintain that it has now recovered much of its pre-AIDS abandon), and cruising, for me, was largely a matter of being totally oblivious. When you're eighteen years old, you can afford the arrogance of letting the other guy make the approach.

Still, latecomer though I was, I still had time to dive into the hot tub once I discovered it. In the first three years of my debauch, I visited no fewer than forty bathhouses, scattered around two countries; I hope none of you will be so unkind as to make a connection between that fact and the fact that most of them closed shortly thereafter. Believe me, I did my best to prevent their closure, both by patronizing them regularly and by political activism. None of it worked. Those that weren't closed by city edict eventually lost business, due to the hysteria sweeping the country, that

economics forced their closure. It's one of my great regrets that I never got to see the New St. Mark's, in New York. By all accounts, it was the grandest of them all. I probably would have hated it. After all, the Steamworks in Honolulu — a tiny, rather dingy little place, about a tenth the size of the CBC San Francisco — will always remain one of my bathhouse ideals.

And just to put to rest one of

those suspicions that everyone reading this article is bound to have: Could I have caught AIDS at the baths? Well, of course I could have. In fact, I haven't the foggiest notion where I caught it, and it doesn't much matter. In a whimsical mood, I'll state that I hope I did get it at the baths: because there are so many encounters from bathhouses that I remember with lust, awe, and affection. Let's say, just for conve-



PHOTOS: FALCON STUDIOS

nience' sake, that I got injected with the virus on a certain night in late '80, at Manscountry in Chicago (an improbably early date, admittedly; but a memorable one), when I arrived, showered, sat in the hot tub relaxing for a while, then went upstairs to the orgy room (pitch-black), felt my way through the masses of men to the far wall, bent over the carpeted and padded bench between two other similarly receptive men, and waited for the line to form behind me. I didn't wait long. I'd only recently read a story, in some porn magazine, of a man who got fucked by 39 men in one night; it had fired my imagination, and I was determined to equal it. (This

deposit my own load in one of the other greedy sex-pigs.

Naturally, this is exactly the scenario which prompted Randy Shilts et al. to sound the alarm bells and force the closure of the baths. Was it the "cesspool of disease" that it has been called, in so many editorials? Well, only if you consider queer sexuality itself to be a cesspool. Many of these editorialists apparently do. Myself, I never felt so satisfied as when I stumbled home from the baths in the early morning light, grinning blissfully, Crisco squishing between my cheeks, tits so sore that my shirt was almost intolerable. I can well understand why such an establishment must be closed: soci-

I'm sure he got his virus from a loving, caring, mutually supportive intimate and monogamous relationship. In his bedroom.

But here I go, being bitchy, which was not my intent. Speak no ill of the dead, you know. It's also perfectly possible that I could have gotten infected from that man-of-my-dreams, with whom I was infatuated for all of six months. Yes, we were In Love; but somehow I doubt that the virus understood the sacred nature of our relationship.

The baths...that phrase conjures so many images to me. That orgy room at Manscountry, all tactile and aural, no visual, is one of the prime ones. The hot tub downstairs is another. Baths, in my humble opinion, should have a hot tub. Without it, you may call them many things, but they aren't a bathhouse. And that medieval grotto at Manscountry...! Dank and mildewy, condensation dripping from the ceiling, brick walls that looked like original Catacombs, with rusted fixtures rusting away; who knew what bacterial menagerie lurked in the water? I loved it. Did I have sex in the hot tub? Undoubtedly, though the generally-accepted practice was to catch someone's eye, then get out, spend an inordinate amount of time showering and drying off, then saunter over to the steamroom (with a meaningful glance back at your potential partner). Once inside the steamroom...well, my modus operandi was to lie down on the bench bisecting the room. If my quarry didn't find me, someone else soon would. It hardly mattered.

And that was one of the glories of the bathhouses, back in the — — Good Old Days: it really didn't matter. The only sin was Neediness expressed as Pushiness; yet I talked disparagingly about trolling in my use of the term, I think not referring to an age or weight appearance, but to an attitude of lack of the proper sense of



scenario still gets me as excited as any other.) I have no idea how close I came; I kind of doubt that I got beyond ten. My asshole, while eager, has never had a lot of endurance. But ten is quite enough. Was one of them Gaetan Dugas? I kind of hope so. Eventually, I know, my asshole dripping with cum (an image that also arouses me beyond all rational definition), I stumbled to my feet and made my way to the end of one of the other lines, to

eternity does not allow that sort of unalloyed happiness. Heaven, as any theologian will tell you, can only be achieved through suffering. It has also been suggested, by those less charitable than I, that Randy only began his campaign to close the baths after the 8th & Howard club (one of the ones with a restrictive door policy) began refusing him admittance. But I'm sure Randy would never have bent over a bench, waiting for a line to form.

Desperation has never been an attractive characteristic. As I've aged, I've come to accept it in my own life: on those nights (afternoons, mornings) when I feel most in need of company (and fucking), when I go to the baths or the bushes with a specific desire in mind—those are the times when I will find myself invisible. Shunned. Which doesn't help my mental state. The proper attitude for the baths is: *Que sera, sera*. If I get fucked, fabulous; if I don't, the sauna will still feel divine. I think I had that attitude long ago when I was lying on the bench in the steamroom at the Manscountry; I've only had to remind myself of it a few times since. The essence of a bathhouse (besides a hot tub) is friendliness: camaraderie. In a really good bath, I feel the way an English gentleman of the 19th century must have felt upon entering his private club: this is my domain, they know me here, I can let down my guard and talk (fluck) with anyone, because anyone here will be of like mind. Not quite universally true, of course, but close enough: the towels spoke to that.

Ah, the towels! There is nothing pragmatic like a towel. I guess the modern equivalent is the underwear party, but it's not quite the same. At a dry underwear party, one is still coming in a fashion show: if you're wearing last year's brand, I gather, you're scorned. But bathhouse towels are uniform, perfectly democratic; and thus, they disappear. They mean nothing — unless, as I always did, you wear them draped over your shoulder. Shameless, I tell you.

I've always been a nudist at heart: as a young teen, I used to look forward to Sunday mornings, when the family was at church, so I could bathe nude on the back lawn. Religion does so have a puritanic nose! And towels ... well, they're an artificial construct, an effort to give people the comfort and psychological protection of clothing without its complications (shoelaces, buttons,



zippers); but they've also taken on an additional meaning, an association with steamrooms and dark hallways, mirrors and mazes. Even in the darkest of orgy rooms, a white towel still stands out; and if it doesn't outline the silhouette of a perfect butt, neither does it discourage wandering hands.

One of the more amusing features of many of the more elaborate baths

(the Ballpark in Denver, the Club Ft. Lauderdale, most of the Midtowne Spas) was some form of maze. Now, I don't quite understand the reason for this attraction; but it's quite universal. We like to be lost. It's sexy. One of the best-designed baths in the world is the St-Marc Spa in Toronto, because the hallways all branch and turn at odd angles: after spending a long night there, I still

had to wander around for ten minutes before I could find the locker room. Call it "safe-danger": every one talks about how queers are danger-freaks, always looking for sex in the riskiest places. Well, the sensation of being lost (and then being "found" by your own personal tarzan) provides a slight frisson of that feeling of panic — without having to strand yourself in the wilderness and subject yourself to the attention of real bears. I cannot recommend too strongly, to all of you out there who have an obsession with symmetry and long sight-lines, that you stay out of the bathhouse business.

The baths were an era; they were the symbol of adventure. We have entered a new era, the age of safety. It won't last. But will we survive it — or will we die of boredom? Oh, carry me back to ol' Manscountry.

MY LIFE AND TIMES AT THE BATHS

By David May

One afternoon in 1977 I got a call from my friend Mark. We'd been close since high school, two baby fags coming to terms with being gay and naturally drawn to each other as friends. We were both in college now, barely legal, and beginning to make our ways in the world. Mark was the one who took me to my first gay bar a few years before, when we were still underage. Mark had just been to the baths for the first time and, always looking out for my best interests, suggested I try the tubs as well with him as my chaperone.

Being a Puritan by birth as well as upbringing, I was shocked at the

suggestion — but questioned him extensively about bathhouse etiquette and behavior for over an hour; I wanted to know exactly what went on there. It would not be for several years, after I'd gained enough confidence in both my appearance and my sexual prowess that I delved into the world of bathhouses and sex clubs. It was a man made in heaven.

I'm not even sure which sex club or bathhouse I went to first, I only know that I soon thought institutionalized sex to be one of the hallmarks of civilization. There were those days more sex clubs and bathhouses in San Francisco than you could shake your dick at. Each with its own crowd and atmosphere, some, like the Cauldron and the House, even specializing in certain activities like water sports or fisting. Being young and full of cum, I sampled as many of them as I could, exploring as many ways to fuck as I went along.

"Sex is a smorgasbord," I told my friends, many of whom refused to believe the tales of my exploits unless there were witnesses. "Sex is a smorgasbord and I want a taste of everything on the table."

So I wasn't just a slut: I was a connoisseur. One night around 1980 I ran into my friend and fellow slut, Tom. Since we'd met at the Jaguar in the first place, and both of us loved sex as both a hobby and a vocation, we decided to see who could score the most cock in the ass that night. I won. To tell the truth, I lost count sometime around twelve. Fortunately, Tom didn't demand an exact count. He put me in action and couldn't keep his eyes. I was working it.

San Francisco was then, as now, a world unto itself. Institutionalized sex was available at any hour of the day and night, in any part of the city. Some sex clubs only closed for just a few days a week, and baths not at all. It was out in San Francisco, especially in terms of how and where I



distorted my idea of what passed for normal. When I went to baths in other parts of the country over the years, I was always amazed at how different they were from San Francisco's bathhouses. In San Francisco, men fucked in the open, often in front of an appreciative crowd. Orgy rooms and saunas were usually crowded with men doing it, and it was unusual to insist on privacy for sex. When one man visiting from San Francisco told me that he wasn't used to sex in front of an audience, my only response was, "Yeah?" as I guided his dick into my butt. He got over it.

The rest of the world, I learned, was not like this. When I grabbed a man's crotch at a bathhouse in San Diego — after ascertaining a mutual interest — he nearly jumped out of his towel. It was only when we were able to shut a door behind us that he would even kiss me. And it wasn't just him. Nowhere that night did I see more than the most casual physical contact between men, though there was plenty of noisy sex going on behind closed doors. Only in New York and Los Angeles did I discover the sexual abandon I come to expect at the baths, and even then they always seemed to lack the indefinable something that defined San Francisco hedonism in those days.

My favorite bathhouses of all time are in Amsterdam. Thermos Dag and Thermos Nacht are multi-floored, immaculate, and beautifully maintained. As the names suggest, one is for daytime hours and the other for night. Each bathhouse fills an entire building, four or more floors, and has the usual amenities like dry saunas, steam rooms, showers, condoms and safe sex materials in four or five languages, porno videos, lots of small rooms for those who want privacy, and a real bar with drinks and snacks. (One charges for drinks and snacks at the bar to one's locker number and pays on the way out, which I always thought very

civilized.) The day sauna also has a sun deck on the roof for those who like it *al fresco*.

I've never had a bad time at the baths in Amsterdam — Dutch men being as handsome as they are friendly — and I always manage to work in a visit to one or the other Thermos every time I'm in Amsterdam. The sex there is always hot, especially on Monday afternoons. No one knows why this is so, but Mondays have traditionally been the best day for the baths in Amsterdam since time immemorial. I only know that I always find some very hot action there on an otherwise quiet afternoon, no matter the weather or time of year. The Dutch baths are my gold standard — the means by which all others are measured.

I've also been to baths and sex clubs in other parts of Europe. Only in Switzerland are they as clean, and no where in my travels so far have they matched the baths in Amsterdam in size or sexual heat. This is partly, no doubt, because Amsterdam is the only place in Europe where sex is treated so matter of factly. Swiss men can be very hot sex, for instance, but are so shy that it's at times hard to get them started. Painfully discreet, they rarely make a first move, no matter how clearly they are being signaled. A prolonged cat and mouse game can precede sex, leading to a lot of missed cues and frustrated first tries. The effort though, is usually worth the end results. Once they get over their shyness and cut loose, Swiss men can fuck like nobody's business.

The British, on the other hand, being as fiercely private as one might expect, will still congregate into a single mob for group sex. No matter how large the orgy room, they will all cling to each other like something akin to a coral reef, a living structure made from many single organisms. Being in the center of such an orgy can be hot (in

both senses of the word) but frustrating if one wants to move in any direction, or even leave the crowd to get a breath of fresh air. It is not for the claustrophobic. When the time comes, though, I always manage to extricate myself from the crowd and get to the bar. Getting back into the mass of male bodies, however, can be even more a problem than getting out.

Unlike Americans, though, the British are less prone to chat after anonymous sex, even skipping the usual niceties such as introductions after orgasm. They are not so much adverse to it, though, as unused to the idea. While they sometimes seemed startled when I approached them to chat after sex, they were always eager to hear about life in San Francisco once I'd properly introduced myself.

Baths in Australia, on the other hand have a certain seediness that I've always enjoyed. Dimly lit, clean but never pristine, they lack the civilized air of the baths in Amsterdam, and are more like their American counterparts in this regard — but always a good time. Australian men are nothing if not friendly, and unlike anywhere else I've been, the men will always stop to talk before and after sex, as anxious to interact socially as sexually. In many ways, they are mid-way between being British and American, capable of being slightly prudish at times, but just as casual about sex as men in the States often are.

When the baths closed in San Francisco in the mid-eighties, I knew it was the end of an era, an era that was already, quite literally dying around me. While there are still baths houses in Oakland and San Jose, and a variety of sex clubs have emerged over the last five or six years in San Francisco, it will never be the same again. Only in Amsterdam, where the transition to safer sex was so seamless, is there any hint of the glory that once was. ■



DUNGEON COPS

Photos by Falcon Studios





DUNGEON COPS



OVER AND UNDER

by Scott O'Hara

Let me describe for you a brief encounter, barely a snippet of a scenario. I was at a sex party recently — a regular event, not so much a sex-club as just a group of casual acquaintances who get together and talk and touch and fuck, a very relaxed and friendly event, with all types of men — and I had been enjoying myself immensely for a couple of hours and was thinking it was time to go home ...when I wandered into a room and saw two men having sex. To be more specific, what I saw was one man's back — a very handsome, muscular back — and the top half of the other man's face, sticking out from under the first guy's ass. He was obviously having a grand old time, chowing down on asshole. One of my favorite things, too; I stuck around to watch. After a few seconds, the guy underneath (let's just call him Under) noticed me; his eyes looked up at me, and there was a frantic look in them that wasn't easy to interpret, given that I didn't know the man and couldn't see the rest of his face. But one thing I was certain of: he was lost in ecstasy. I would've been, too, in his position.

Both men were beating off; Over never looked back to see me, I don't think he knew I was there, but Under's eyes stayed glued on me. My dick wasn't hard (it seldom is, these days) but I was intensely turned on, and I was flogging it, trying for some reaction. Under occasionally reached up with one hand to pry Over's buttocks apart, so he could get his tongue even further inside. I saw my place. I moved forward, knelt down so my dick was flopping over Under's forehead, and used both hands to pull Over's cheeks apart. Over was clearly

surprised at feeling another pair of hands, but he didn't protest; he looked around, then went back to what he was doing — and began

moaning even louder, as he felt tongue get into uncharted territory. Under was getting pretty excited. What is it about this sa

scenario that gets me so hot? I don't rightly know. I fall back on my old standby: enthusiasm. These guys weren't faking it. Not that I'm implying most guys do; but from what I could see of these two, they were both in a state of total frenzy. The kind of intensity that leaves me shaking with lust ... and speechless with awe.

I wasn't sure how far I should push it. Sometimes a third person, added to an intense two-way, just distracts the participants, you know? And I really didn't want to do that. But I thought I'd go one step further. Still holding Over's cheeks apart, I leaned further down and began licking down his ass-crack. (And a fine, muscular butt it was, too, I should add!) Both of them started moaning real loud at this point. After a few seconds, I got down to where Under's tongue was lapping away at that wide-open pink butthole, and although it wasn't the easiest thing to do, I managed to get mine right up next to it, and we swapped some spit.

That's when they both came. I felt some serious tremors in Over's ass; Under groaned and convulsed. (God, that's a nice image: convulsing in orgasm, while your face is being held down by a muscular butt that won't let go.) I kept lapping away, as Under wriggled out from under. He may have been suffocating. I can think of worse fates.

That about wrapped it up. Orgasm clearly wasn't on my menu for the evening; but I'd gotten a pretty serious charge out of that brief contact. Under stood up; we exchanged hugs and some body-rubbing; they went off to shower. I decided it was time to go home, before the warm glow could dissipate. Sometimes it doesn't take much, you know? Just a few seconds licking a fine butt, a shared intensity, some body-stroking ... somehow they add up into something that many people (especially the marriage-minded) wouldn't expect. Intimacy. I don't know these guys' names (though I had seen one of them before, occasionally), but the warmth that I felt

towards them, the shock of pleasure and sharing that I felt when my tongue wrapped around his, can't be described any other way. This is what I mean when I talk about casual sex.

For contrast ... well, what could be more contrasting than a Committed Relationship? I'll go back to a time I'd rather forget: a time when I was pretending to be lovers with a man who believed in monogamy. Please don't expect objectivity; the memory of this relationship still sends chills down my spine, and I don't mean that in a good way. This relationship was the perfect opposite of the scenario described above: continuous sex, but no intimacy. When he would rub himself off on my stomach, or between my legs, I felt like a blow-up doll: as if I were not really there at all. And when he would start to suck my dick, trying to turn me on - even though I'd made clear to him that I didn't like having my dick sucked, and had no interest in getting off with him - I began to understand what women mean when they talk about their feeling of violation after having been raped. No, he didn't do me any damage; but the revulsion I came to feel for him - and, by extension, for the sex acts he performed on me - stays with me even today.

Many of you, I'm sure, are shaking your heads in puzzlement, wondering why I allowed this relationship to continue as long as I did. Suffice to say that there were reasons, but from today's perspective I would have to call myself certifiably insane. The simplest answer is to say that I had allowed myself to be hoodwinked, deluded into the popular societal notion that intimacy can only be found in a long-term monogamous relationship; and since I wanted intimacy in my life, I allowed this Lover-From-Hell to have his way with me.

Life teaches us these lessons. It takes some of us longer than others to wise up.

The highlight of this relationship came one night when I told him I was exhausted, and needed to get

my sleep. I woke up sometime later to discover his mouth attached to my dick. I don't think I'd been asleep long. I didn't quite know how to react. I pretended to still be asleep. He kept sucking. I rolled over. He moved over to my other side and continued. In retrospect, it seems incredible to me that I didn't just brain the fucker. It's hard for me to imagine anyone being this insensitive: kind of like the persistent shape who follows you around the halls of a bathhouse for hours on end, endlessly groping you no matter how many times you politely remove his hand. The fact is, there are times when I wish I hadn't been raised to be so polite.

Eventually, I gave up and lay back, since there was no detaching the leech at my crotch: I allowed him to suck me off. It took an eternity. As stated, being sucked is not very arousing to me. And then, when I thought I could finally get back to sleep ... yes, of course he had to get off, too.

A man like this could make me want to swear off sex forever. Fortunately, there are other kinds of men in the world. Men like Over & Under, men who know the meaning of the word intimacy. Oh, it may not have occurred to those two that they were having "intimate" sex; that's my own description, not theirs. But that's what it was, and seeing interactions like that helps to wash away the slime that still sometimes seems to be clinging to my dick.

As I walked out of that sex party, still glowing, I saw a man tied down on a leather-covered table. It wasn't primarily an S/M party, but there was enough equipment to allow most any sort of play. He'd had hot wax dripped all over his chest and stomach; he was lying there, eyes closed, breathing deeply. As I walked by, I ran my fingers lightly over his tender skin, and his body jumped. His eyes opened, he looked at me, and I smiled at him, nodding in approval. Then I left. ■

The Art of Lazaro Amaral





HOT STEAMY ACTION IN AMSTERDAM



Fabrice van den Bossche (France), winner of the 1996 Mr. Drummer Europe Contest

MR. DRUMMER EUROPE IS CHOSEN

During the first days of November, leather men throughout Europe and the United States converged in Amsterdam for the Mr. Drummer Europe '96 contest. Drawing standing room-only crowds, Mr. Drummer Europe was the grand finale to Amsterdam's first-ever Amsterdam Leather Pride, an event that sponsored parties throughout the city's leather district. Well known Amsterdam bars, the Argos, the Eagle, Dirty Dicks and the Cockring participated.

Mr. Drummer Europe contestants, hailing from Italy, Switzerland, Holland, France, Sweden, England, and Belgium spent the days before the big event participating in interviews, rehearsing their fantasies and honing their speeches. The highlight of the contest was the jammed-packed Friday night competition. Contestant

fantasies ranged from hard core sex acts, including fucking, bondage and whipping, to a crowd-pleasing opera performed by Massimo Paccagnella, the Italian contestant. An additional crowd pleaser was the public judging of the fantasies performed by the four international judges who were perched on Olympic style high chairs. In between the good-natured booing and hissing directed at the judges, Master of Ceremonies Frank Norwick orchestrated what most reported as a good, hot, horny time.

The winner of the Mr. Drummer Europe '96 title was Fabrice van den Bossche of France who is also a photographer for *Projet X*, the infamous French SM publication. First runner up was Luke of Belgium, followed by second runner up Stephan Viviers of Holland. Bossche was later interviewed on Amsterdam's gay/lesbian radio show where

he talked about the variety of fetishes which dominate the European men's SM scene.

A weekend of play parties, bars, rooms and bar-sponsored jack-off followed the Mr. Drummer contest. open-to-all club meetings sponsored by Motor Sports of Amsterdam, closed Amsterdam Leather Pride.

Two non-profit organizations, Homo Buddy Project, an Amsterdam-based AIDS assistance organization for gay men and Countdown Spanner/The Spanner Trust, an organization that defends and supports fifteen gay men convicted in England for engaging in consensual SM, the beneficiaries of this year's Amsterdam Leather Pride.

For a sleazy report on Mr. Drummer Europe Contest, Kellan Farshea's non-fiction story on page 75 ■



Above: Opening performance by contestants at the Mr. Drummer Europe contest. Kneeling in front: Chip (England), standing to his right Ivan Della Morte (The Netherlands) and Massimo Paccagnella (Italy)



Opening performance. Back left: first runner up Stephan Viviers (Holland); front kneeling: Chip (England); to his right: MC Souwind (Switzerland)

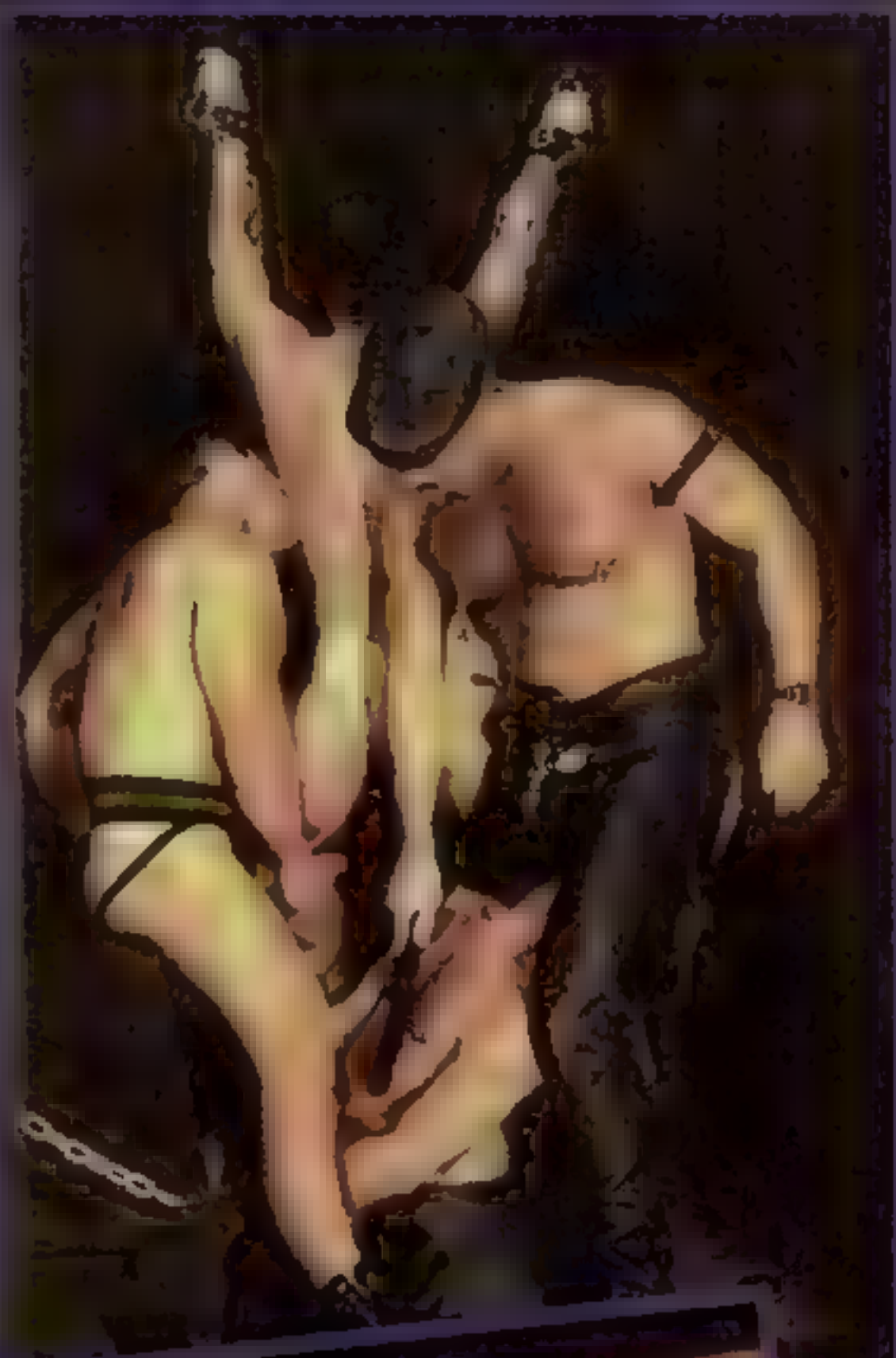
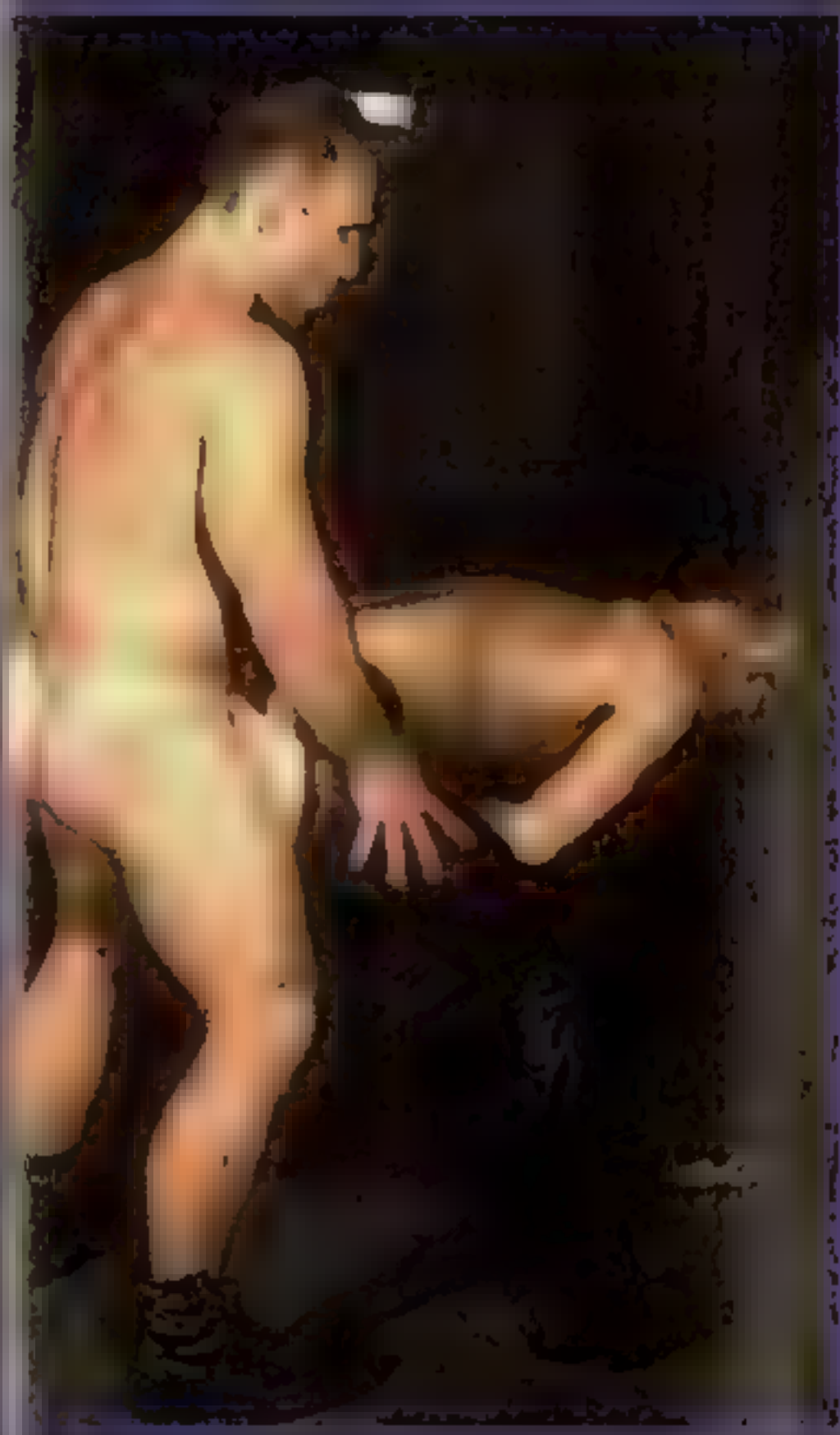


Left to right: Stephan Viviers (Holland), second runner up; Fabrice van den Boesche (France), winner Mr. Drummer Europe; Luke (Belgium), first runner up



CALLING ALL PIGS

Photos from Handball Marathon 3 by Pig Play Productions



A photograph of three shirtless men in a dark room. The man in the center is standing and looking towards the camera. The man on the left is leaning forward, and the man on the right is partially visible. The text "CALLING ALL PIGS" is overlaid in large, stylized letters at the bottom of the image.

CALLING
ALL
PIGS





MI RAM
COCK
FOR

1-800-796-SUCK

1-800-796-7825

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+ VISA OR M/C OR CHECK BY PHONE

HUNKS
WITH
BIG
COCKS!

CALL NOW!
LIVE
CAM

NO CREDIT CARD
1-900-435-2227

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18 & OLDER

HOT

HUNGRY

MEN!

WE'RE
HUNGRY
FOR YOUR
COCK!

1-800-934-4MAN

1-800-435-4626

\$2.98 PER MIN.

1-900-435-1002

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED \$2.98 PER MIN. 18 & OLDER

HOT &
TALK

1-800-979-SUCK

1-800-979-7782

\$2.98 PER MIN. VISA OR M/C OR CHECK BY PHONE

1-800-MAN-TALK

1-900-HOT-LTHR

10¢ (or less) Per Minute: 1-800-626-8255

\$1.98 Per Minute: 1-900-468-5847 (18+ Only)

The Connector, Inc. 584 Castro #540 SF, CA 94114 • Photo By Jim Wigler



**CALLING
ALL**

UP YOUR NOSE

1-900-666-5558

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED! \$2.98 per minute on your phone bill 18+

**HOT
ITALIAN
STUDS!**



1-800-SEX-4-MAN

1-800-599-8883

1.99 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CC CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+

**ALL
24 HOURS**

ME RAM
COCK
FOR

1-800-796-SUCK

1-800-796-7825

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+ VISA OR M/C OR CHECK BY PHONE

HUNKS
WITH
UUGE
CKS!

CALL NOW!
LIVE!

NO CREDIT CARD
1-900-435-1111

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18 & OLDER

HOT

HUNGRY

MEN!

WE'RE
HUNGRY
FOR YOUR
COCK!

1-800-934-4MAN

1-800-435-4626

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

1-900-435-1002

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED \$2.98 PER MIN. 18 & OLDER

HOT &
NASTY

WE'RE HOT &
ATING FOR
UR COCK!

1-800-979-SUCK

1-800-979-7825

\$2.98 PER MIN. VISA OR M/C OR CHECK BY PHONE

STICK
THIS IN
YOUR
MOUTH!

OR WRAP
YOUR
TONGUE
AROUND IT!

1-900-435-9040

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+ NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-800-796-SUCK
1-800-796-7825
\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+ NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-800-340-4FUCK

49¢ PER HALF MIN.
MUST BE 18 YRS. OR OLDER
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
OR CHECKS BY PHONE

**GUYS ARE
WAITING!**

ONLY
49¢
PER 1/2 MINUTE

1-800-771-STU

49¢ Per Half Min. • Must be 18 yrs. or older
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
OR CHECKS BY PHONE

DATELINE
ORGY • S/M • J
1-ON-1 • 2-ON-1
BULLETIN BOARD
FANTASY CALL

1-900-537-4MA

49¢ PER MIN. MUST BE 18 YRS. OR OLDER (NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED)



DRUMBEAT

Sex Scores One

NEW YORK & SAN FRANCISCO

While New York proceeds to crack down on commercial sex clubs, San Francisco is undertaking steps to make them legitimate enterprises by allowing them to operate. The New York City Health Department continued its crackdown on sex clubs with the forced closure of The Attic and The Maze. Both clubs were cited for violations that included allowing prohibited sexual acts. The city's health department has closed at least a dozen establishments in the past two years. Those that have been permitted to remain open adhere to a strict policy that forbids both anal and oral sex, with or without a condom. Meanwhile in San

Francisco, a measure will soon come before the city's Board of Supervisors to license commercial sex clubs. If, as is likely, the legislation is passed, it would mark the first time in the United States, and perhaps the world, a jurisdiction officially recognized the right of sex clubs to operate.

Tom Ammanno, one of three gay or lesbian members of the city's 12-member Board of Supervisors, introduced a measure that is intended not to stop sex in the clubs but to require that management and staff of individual establishments "take reasonable steps to prevent or stop patrons from engaging in

Falling into step with San Francisco's history of infamous Halloween celebrations, Pacific Action and Resource Council, a non-profit events organizer, sponsored Hell Ball, a Halloween costume party that drew over 2,000 gay men and lesbians. Proceeds for Hell Ball, which was filmed by QTV, go to Continuum, a non-profit organization serving San Francisco's gay and HIV affected communities.

activities that can spread the [HIV] virus or other diseases."

The emphasis in the regulation would be on "reasonable steps." These steps could include: signs stating patrons will be ousted for engaging in unsafe sex along with adherence by staff and management to that edict; regular monitoring of activities; posters and literature listing safe, unsafe and possibly unsafe activities; free condoms; and lighting levels that ensure all activities could be wit-

nessed by other patrons and monitors. A sex club would not be expected to monitor every patron at every moment and would not automatically lose its license if patrons occasionally engage in unsafe sex, only if there is consistent failure to observe guidelines.

The regulations would not outlaw oral or anal sex, and activities such as fisting, bondage and whipping would also be allowed as long as proper precautions are observed. The measure also recognizes there are gray areas



PHOTO: KAREN STEPHANS

EAT MY MEAT

1-800-891-8883

STUD

1-800-840-MEAT

INSTANT CREDIT 1-800-769-HUNG

CALL

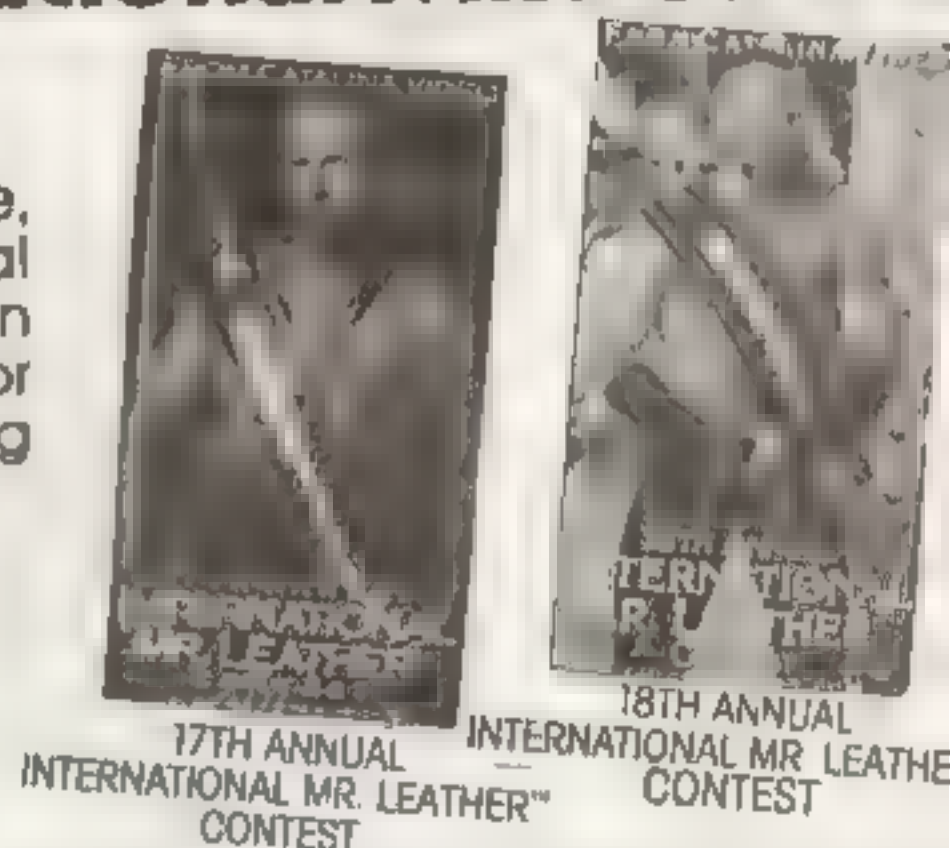
1-800-595-DADDY

1-900-46-DADDY

33-1st-2nd-3rd-4th-5th-6th-7th-8th-9th-10th-11th-12th-13th-14th-15th-16th-17th-18th-19th-20th-21st-22nd-23rd-24th-25th-26th-27th-28th-29th-30th-31st-32nd-33rd-34th-35th-36th-37th-38th-39th-40th-41st-42nd-43rd-44th-45th-46th-47th-48th-49th-50th-51st-52nd-53rd-54th-55th-56th-57th-58th-59th-60th-61st-62nd-63rd-64th-65th-66th-67th-68th-69th-70th-71st-72nd-73rd-74th-75th-76th-77th-78th-79th-80th-81st-82nd-83rd-84th-85th-86th-87th-88th-89th-90th-91st-92nd-93rd-94th-95th-96th-97th-98th-99th-100th

Catalina Is Your International Mr. Leather Video Connection

For two years Catalina has been up close, where it counts, covering the International Mr. Leather Contests in Chicago. Now you can own the 17th and 18th annual contest tapes for \$25 each. All payments accepted including Visa/MC. Wholesale inquiries welcome.



If you'd like information about Catalina's hardcore leather series, featuring real leather men getting down and dirty, include a signed age verification statement saying you are over 21. For more opportunities send photos attention to Josh Elie

Catalina Video Direct

P.O. Box 7016, Tarzana, CA 91357-7016 • (818) 708-9200 • Man-Fax (818) 708-3111

When it comes to defining safe sex

Perhaps the most revolutionary statement in the legislation is the recognition that sex clubs can play a role in educating people about the spread of HIV and preventing its transmission. The measure states, "When properly operated, commercial sex clubs exist, rather than impede, the city's efforts to control the spread of AIDS, as well as other sexually transmitted diseases."

Amiano developed the legislation in consultation with Dr. Michael Katz, director of epidemiology, disease control and AIDS for the Department of Health. Members of the board will be allowed to give their input before the legislation moves to a vote of the board, probably in late December or early in 1997.

Challenge to Law Restraining Internet in Georgia

The American Civil Liberties Union and 13 other plaintiffs filed suit in federal court against the State of Georgia, alleging the constitutionality of a new Georgia law that can make it a crime to communicate anonymously on the Internet and to use trademarks and logos without permission. The law imposes a penalty of up to a year in jail and



The show stopper at Hell Ball '96 was the devil consuming a hunky angel at the 2am staging — It was one hell of a show. Photo: David Meanix

\$1,000 in fines

Eleven states have passed laws that attempt to regulate Internet communications in various ways. Opponents charge that since the Internet is global rather than local, single jurisdictions have no right to impose rules that infringe on the behavior of people outside that jurisdiction.

AOL Adds Leather Section to CYBERSPACE

A leather section was added in October to the Gay and Lesbian Community Forum of America Online. Called Leather onQ, the section includes a message board, chat room and a library of information. Among the message board folders are discus-

sions regarding role switching, negotiating scenes, slave contracts, various fetishes and numerous other topics. The library includes member-placed GIFs and WAVs, a national calendar of events for the following month and even a master/slave contract. The chat room is known as the onQ Dungeon and includes discussions of whatever topics members choose to bring up. Every Tuesday from 10 to 11 p.m. Eastern time, there is a BDSM topic chat. To reach the forum, keyword in leather or onQ Leather

Mr. Internet Leather

CYBERSPACE

You're too late to enter for the 1997 title, but you might want to get

yourself prepared for the 1998 Mr. Internet Leather contest. The title is awarded for the best personal and sponsored home pages based on appearance, content, leather image and community outreach. Groups and organizations as well as individuals may enter the contest as long as a group sponsors an individual. The individual sponsored must be mentioned on the group's home page along with a description of the person and an explanation why he was chosen to be sponsored. The 1997 winner will be announced online Jan. 3. To enter, email your name, email address and URL home page to MrIntrLthr@aol.com. You can browse the contest website at

The Dungeon



Iron#1 Groups • Voice Mail • Fantasies

1-800-800-8900



As low as 49¢/minute discreetly billed to your Visa or MasterCard as CompuQuest

Don't Leave Home Without a Fetish

by FRANCISCO

Atlavlon Magazine has introduced Fetish, a map and guide to the kinky side of San Francisco. Aimed primarily but not exclusively at gay men, the two-page oversize publication lists stores, clubs, bars, play spaces, piercing and tattoo parlors and other venues of interest to those who want to experience the more radical aspects of local gay life. Fetish is updated monthly and provided for free at many gay establishments. Anyone planning to visit the city can order copies at \$3.50 per map by writing to Atlavlon Magazine at 519 Castro St., #24, San Francisco CA 94114 or calling (415) 487-5498.

Leather Posters Available

WEST HOLLYWOOD

Chaotic Publishing has released a limited edition gallery poster of an image from a forthcoming photography book entitled Link. The signed poster, \$40 of which are available, is the first of three the company plans to issue in advance of the book.

The publisher describes Link as a photo essay featuring the art and fashion of leather for men. The photographer is 33-year-old Kevin Scott Hees, whose work has appeared in national and international fashion magazines.



Hot, hairy men and hard bodies were everywhere at the Folsom Street Fair



Love was in the air at Hell Ball '96. Photo: David Meanix

Hees says the book looks at both the dark and light sides of the leather lifestyle. He refers to the models as "prophets

of pleasure."

To order a poster or reserve a copy of Link, which itself will be published in a limited edition,

write to Chaotic Publishing, 8205 Santa Monica Blvd., Box 1-465, West Hollywood, CA 90046-5912. ■

Amsterdam's number one gay store

THE BRONX

Kerkstraat 53 - 55

1017 GC Amsterdam

Holland

phone: 31-20-623 1548

fax: 31-20-625 9108

we have everything for bu
kinky customers

- LEATHER VIDEOS (EUROMEN) •
- PIERCING JEWELLERY •
- LEATHER MAGAZINES •
- CLOTHING • BOOKS • PUMPS •
- TOYS • DILDOS • BONDAGE •
- CINEMA • FLAGS • PINS •

AERO HOTEL (31)-(0)20-622 7728

Number Seven GuestHouse

Best Hotel/Guesthouse

• The Pink Paper Readers Awards 1994 & 1995



7 Josephine Avenue

LONDON

SW2 2JU England

Tel: +44-181-674 1880

Fax: +44-181-671 6032

email drummer@noseven.demon.co.uk
<http://www.connected.co.uk/get/no7/>

THE BACKSTREET

Wentworth Mews, London E3

England's Largest
Leather/Rubber Bar

Telephone

081-980-8557 (Club Hours)

081-980-7880



ARGOS

AMSTERDAM



LOTTERY!

EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Where
Leathermen
Meet!

R&B

ARGOS

Warmoesstraat 95/Phone 622 6595

Open Sunday 8p.m.-2a.m.

(Happy Hour until 10)

Tues. & Thurs. open 9p.m.-2a.m.

Fri. & Sat. open 9p.m.-3a.m.

SINCE 1967

17 years
Frankfurt's oldest leather-bar



STALL

Frankfurt - Stifstr. 22

phone 069 / 29 18 80

Daily open 9 pm - 4 am

Meeting point for leather-clubs

BOOK SECTION

Line and Book Reviews
by D. Travers Scott

Line Reviews



Issue 201 C. #1 Summer 1996,
*that-life e-mail romance of 2
 hungry man-sluts.*
 The zine's title stands for "Drunk
 n Cum," and it's one of the sexi-
 est, most visceral things I've read in
 a long time. It's simply a series of
 emails between two guys — a 26-
 year-old grad student and a 36-year-
 old professional — who recently met
 at a raunchy bathhouse scene. The
 student was on vacation and has
 returned to school in another city.
 The zine begins with their first tenta-
 tive, post-trick correspondence:

Issue 201

& Book Reviews p. 61
 "Fucking Friends"
 by Stoney p. 65
 "Fate"
 by Simon Sheppard p. 69
 "On Ethics, Sex and
 "Stage at Mr. Drummer Europe"
 Fiction by Keilan Farshea p. 75



Magnifique! The astounding art of Teddy of Paris is *Manhood Rituals'* most recent release. The fifty page magabook premieres the work of Teddy of Paris, a young artist whose work is already well-established and much acclaimed in Europe, particularly France. Available for \$9.95, the publication is available through: Alternate Publishing, POB 14695, SF, CA 94114. Tell them Drummer sent you!

"Sorry... I couldn't resist writing you a note." Timidity fades as they savor recalling their meeting and describing current adventures, thankfully without the ****cyberporn**!!!** over-enthusiasm of chat rooms and Usenet postings. This doesn't read like stroke fiction at all, but like real correspondence — events are referenced we don't clearly know about and the authors resist the obligation to edit and tweak the letters into a more traditional narrative form. The result sports a startling immediacy without the ramble typical of journals or correspondences. There is suspense, however, well beyond who-fucks-who-and-how; the two seem to be falling into an obsession with each other. One has a frightening run-in with a bloody blowjob. One is in a long-term relationship. Nothing is resolved by the end of the zine — are they falling in love? Are they going to see each other again? How much sex can these two guys have? D.O.C.'s combo of hardcore sex and a voyeuristic format, confidently and adeptly written, left me hard and wanting more.

My bias: I (unfortunately) haven't met these guys — I've been too busy at home reading zines.

Info: \$3 and age statement to P.O. Box 3043, Berkeley CA, 94703; kern-paul@pipeline.com.

Gutterfag #4 Spring 1996

Gutterfag is a perfect example of how zines can be really sexy without being specifically sex zines. This 16-pager uses the classic cut-up collage style, but manages to maintain legibility and interest without sacrificing fierce energy and enthusiasm. The pages are a frenzied mix-up of scrawny punk boys, song lyrics, headlines, etc. Very little actual dick but still foxy as hell. Zine subceleb Anonymous Boy's cartoon of a punk guy cruising a twink and thinking, "How come all the skinny guys I like are scared of me?" rocks, rocks, rocks.

Especially interesting are quotes from the song "Identity" by early punk band X-Ray Spex challenging teens for buying into prepackaged, pop-culture identities rather than knowing their true selves. It's fascinating that this 1978 song holds relevance for a punk gutterfag in 1996, a time when the Sex Pistols are tossing together a reunion tour and queer identity can be bought by the dozens at your nearest Queer Pride tchotchke boutique.

My Bias: Don't know this fag or his gutters. Sigh.

Info: No price listed, so how about sending a couple of bucks and some stamps to Jeff Junker-Flaster, 72 Sarah Ln., Middleton NY 10940.

Whorezine #31

Summer Solstice 1996?

1996 — the year of the Trick!

This is a sexwork zine dealing with the industry from all aspects. What's most brilliant about it is how Editor Vic St. Blaise and his contributors manage to balance sex, politics and humor. I always laugh out loud reading its wisecracks and media commentary. It's also educational! I learn something from each issue, this time it was the difference between legalizing and decriminalizing prostitution. It's fascinating to read about the cutting edge of sexwork in San Francisco (where they actually have a city task force on prostitution which includes prostitutes) and the harsher realities elsewhere in the world. There's also great useful tips on being a better john and ho. Discussion of sexual outlaws is relevant to us all, and the spirit of this zine in general turns me on.

My Bias: I've only met Vic online so I really have no idea what a fox he is. Really.

Info: \$3 to 2300 Market St., Ste. 19, San Francisco CA, 94114.

Black Sheets #9

Whore Moan — the Sex Work Issue

Black Sheets always lives up to its billing as "kinky, queer and irrever-

ent." They are quite polymorphous, perverse and funny as shit. This issue has a little less visual stimulation than usual but makes up for it by being so jam-packed with material providing complex takes on the issue. Carol Queen's character study of a bitter peep show worker and her philosophical viewer is dense and intriguing character study. Thomas Roche's story of a faked phone sex had me snorting and spewing and all those other disgusting things you do when laughing too hard. Lawrence Livermore's "Larry and the Professor," teaches capitalizing on, then rebelling against the Pygmalion efforts of a wealthy professor. Neither sentimental nor callous, this story of the battle of familiarity with notorious college-hustling-in-the-60s sailors and wars with a sober romanticism I really liked.

My bias: My article didn't make the cut for this issue (grumble, grumble) but they've published it before. Whether I'm in there or not, Black Sheets is one of the few zines I subscribe to and read every issue of.

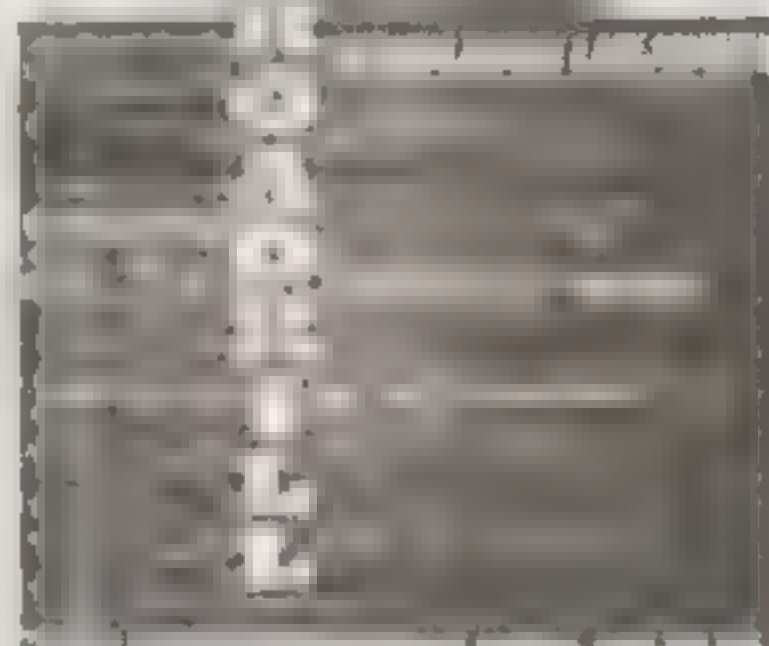
Info: \$6 US, Canada and Mexico; elsewhere; 4 issues for \$20 US. Cash, check, money order, Visa, MasterCard, Black Books, and credit cards accepted. Include age statement and send no money back. Black Books, P.O. Box 31155, San Francisco CA 94131; 415.431.0172; BlackB@io.net; <http://www.queernet.org/BlackSheets> (busy little sluts, aren't they?)

Book Reviews

Freak Like Me: Inside the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow

Jim Rose with Melissa Rose
Trade Paperbacks

Jim Rose returned sideshow to popular culture in the Nineties. His story of his circus is fascinating. His tales of touring with street performers of Europe and Venice Beach, struggling to develop



istration authorities. Accessibly written so that someone who has never even turned on a computer can understand what's going on, this book shows the fantastic potential for switching in a realm of flexible bodies, identities, genders and orientations. Suspenseful, romantic and sexy in many variations, this book comes closest to conveying the possibili-



ties of bodily exploration in a bodiless realm without having to log on.

Dancing Around the Volcano

Guy Kettelhack, Crown Books

Kettelhack considers gay men's sexuality a volcano — but not one to sacrifice ourselves jumping into, and not one that needs to be snuffed out. Rather, his book illustrates how, through the myriad ways we incorporate our sex drives into our daily lives, our dancing around the sexual volcano "identifies us, gloriously, as pioneers." He explores the way we integrate — rather than segregate — the Jekyll and Hyde aspects of our sexual identities, how dreams and fantasies link a sexrad LA leathertop to an Ohio farmboy who just wants to settle down.

Mixing personal interviews with analysis, Kettelhack works to cover the sexual spectrum. He tells of a man with multiple personalities (and his lover), a 24-year-old bike messenger/hustler and one of his johns, a bodybuilder's connection with his father, a boxing fetishist, an Episcopal priest, a 78-year-old sex fiend, a sheer sock fetishist, a six-way family of lovers and more. He takes an unapologetic and celebratory look at the imaginative and varied ways sex functions in gay men's lives, and reassesses traditional notions of sexual pathology, compulsion and dysfunction.

Volcano is accessible, big-hearted and hot. Kettelhack at times relies too heavily on quoting other authors, but that will only bother readers already familiar with the authors and theories he's discussing. Kettelhack's study of psychoanalysis and his history of writing self-help books lends a tendency to overstate things in a rather hand-holding way some people may get impatient with. Overall, however, the book still provides fresh ways of looking at and celebrating queer sex, relationships and all their possible combinations. ■

figuring out his connection to that history are a great subculture. Rose comes across as a guy you could share a beer with. Then he'd hammer a spike up mine. The freaks who come to his troupe are equally riveting. The projectionist is a human pinball. A car-insurance salesman holds the world's record for penis tilting: 78 lbs. Slug the Swordflower also noshes on insects for a thrill. "The Tube" pumps beer with egg and ketchup through a hose into his stomach, reverses the pump, and brings everything back up for a drink straight.

Some people and their dedication to extreme pursuit are thrilling. As become crossover celebs in the '90s, the book becomes less about them and more about touring Lolapalooza and Nine Inch Nails. Much as I like many of his acts, I didn't find them nearly as interesting as the circus. Rather than telling us NIN is "perhaps the most outrageous band of the late 20th century," I wanted to know about Slug's decision to cover a 24-year-old body with a jagged pattern tattoo. That commitment to physical outlaw status makes these people fascinating. It is enough (including tons of pictures) for a good read, but totally I wanted more real freaks: a multimillionaire, paid-to-be-freak stars.

Nearly Roadkill:

Infobahn Erotic Adventure

Tim Sullivan and Kate Bornstein, Out's Tail/High Risk Books

If you want to read about people using high-tech sexuality or experiencing it?

If you want to read a really hot book which vividly captures the erotic potential of new technology, try *Nearly Roadkill*. This novel is about two 'net outlaws in the future who refuse to reveal their age or gender to the government-big business electronic reg-

On your knees, boy

I said, get down on your knees, boy. Good boy. Now, boy, I want you to take a pen and fill out this order form for the all-new RoB catalog. I'm going to give you one minute in which to obey me, boy, and if you haven't filled out this order form perfectly, then you know what's going to happen. Well, for starters I'm going to give your pussy-boy ass a walloping it won't soon forget. more importantly, you're never gonna receive the newest and largest RoB catalog ever. catalog that's bursting with the best selection of leather and rubber gear that any true slave get an instant hard-on over. So you see, boy, if you don't fill this out, you're just never gonna to suck on that new gag your Master was going to order to fill that pretty little scum-suck mouth of yours. You'll also never get a chance to order those new leather chaps that you were gonna get for your Master, and that means you'll never be able to clean them with your tongue like a good groveling slave boy should. So, boy, why the fuck aren't you writing? I told you to fill this out NOW, mean it, you little shit. You've got only 30 more seconds. Do it

NOW!

CATALOGS ORDERED THROUGH THIS
AD INCLUDE A DISCOUNT COUPON



☐ **SIR. Please send
me the new RoB
catalog for \$12. SIR.**

CA Residents add 8.5% tax

☐ **SIR. I wish to pay by:** ☐ Check/Money Order
☐ Visa/Master Card ☐ American Express

☐ Credit card #

☐ Signature
(mandatory) "Sir, I am at least 21 years of age. Sir"

☐ name

☐ address ☐ apt#

☐ city ☐ state ☐ zip

RoB	quantity	code	price

Mail check/money order to:
RoB Gallery
22 Fawcett Street, San Francisco, CA 94133
Credit card orders may call
phone: 415/252-1198 fax: 415/252-9674

CA RESIDENTS ADD 8.5% TAX
SHIPPING \$4.50
TOTAL



The New RoB Catalog



Among Friends

by Stoney
Photos from
the Drummer Archives

I was a dark and stormy night. Well, not really, but it was a dark night, driving the back roads through my town to get to the city. The wind whistled against the wind shield and the trees look like huge shadow monsters in the light from the full moon. Still, it was very warm for a Hampshire night just a week before Halloween.

I parked my car in the lot and went to the Club. Leather night. Shit. I forgot. Too late to make the one hour round trip home and back. I stepped to the bar feeling naked. The bartender looked me up and down as he ordered my drink. Everyone else had their leathers on. Drink in hand, I spotted Dave.

Boots, chaps, black Levi's, harness, bare chest, pierced nipples, carefully groomed beard, mirror shades and a leather brimmed hat, on a 6' muscular body. Hot. I always look forward to seeing him dressed that way. My cock stirred.

"Hey, Dave," I said.

"Stoney! You forgot Leather Night? What could you?" he said loudly.

"Awright, you've embarrassed me. I'll put it down."

"I can't believe you came dressed like that. You got ANYTHING leather?" he said even louder.

I showed him my boots.

"Come on, I live 5 minutes from here. I'm sure I've got something that'll fit you."

So we got into Dave's car and drove to his apartment. His closet is a wide walk-in, street clothes on the right, leathers on the left.

"Looks like a leather shop," I said.

"Yeah, doesn't it smell great?"

He threw a pair of chaps at me.

"Try those on."

I hooked the belt and started the left zipper, but I couldn't get it to go very far. Dave pulled and stretched the tight leather and finally got the zipper all the way down, then did the other leg.

"Let's have a look at you. Turn around, let me see your ass."

I watched myself in the mirror as Dave checked the fit.

"Are you wearing a jock?" he asked.

"Yeah, I always do."

"Take it off. You aren't wearing a jock with those chaps, it shows through."

He helped with the zippers and soon the chaps were off. I shucked my jeans and jock strap. I started to put the jeans back on, but Dave stopped me.

"Stoney, I swear you don't know how to dress yourself."

He took off his wristband and fastened the leather strap tightly around my dick and balls.

"While you have your pants down, how about trying a harness?" He pulled one out.

I took off my T-shirt. He placed the straps on my shoulders and buckled it in the back. I protested about not being able to take it off myself later.

"So?" was all he would say about it as he pulled my bound meat into the cock ring on the harness. Passing the strap between my ass cheeks, he buckled it tightly with the other straps that went around my chest.

"It's kinda tight," I said.

"You look good like that," he smiled. "Now you'll be properly dressed, get your pants on," he smiled.

I pulled my jeans back on and stuffed my now fully erect cock down the left leg. Once again, Dave had to fasten the zippers. Several times, he went to pull on the chaps and yanked my dick instead.

"Sorry," he said.

"No complaints, but if you keep doing that, we'll never make it back to the Club."

He gave me a wicked smile and pulled the second zipper all the way down, using my fully hard member as a lever. I nearly came in my pants.

"Let's go," he said, plunking a leather hat like his on my head.

He grabbed a pair of mirror shades and a leather jacket covered with chains and zippers.

"Put these on."

I caught a glimpse of us in the living room mirror. We could have been twins except his beard is red, mine salt and pepper.

We practically ran out to the car. I opened the door.

"Dave, we got a problem. I can't sit down!"

We both started laughing. Between the chaps and harness being so tight, I couldn't bend at the knees or waist. He moved the seat all the way back and put the seat back down flat. With some effort, we managed to get all of me into the car without breaking anything. I lay there on my back, looking at the ceiling. We laughed all the way to the Club. He had to help me get out of the car, too. Good thing there was no one else in the parking lot at the time.

Heads turned as we strode into the Club.

We spent the next couple of hours drinking in the scenery. There was so much leather, I could smell it over the cigarette smoke. Several men chatted with us over the course of the evening. I had my crotch squeezed many times by hot bearded leather studs who tried to see me behind the shades. I groped them back. Dave and I stayed close together and agreed that this was one of the finest Leather Nights in a long time. He stroked my dick every now and then and reminded me that he wouldn't take off my harness unless I returned to his place. As if I needed reminding. We were both very horny by last call.

"Time to go before they put the lights on," Dave said.

Laughing again, we got me into the car, and back to his place.

Once inside, I took off my hat and



tossed it onto the sofa. Dave stopped me from taking off the leather jacket.

"Take mine off," he said

I pushed his jacket off his shoulders just as he did mine. He leaned over and kissed me. I kissed him back, our tongues sliding easily into each other's mouths. We let the jackets fall to the floor. He leaned down and unzipped my chaps. I undid his. He pulled my belt out and unbuttoned my pants, pulling them down to my knees. My rod popped up and hit his face. He gave it a few warm licks as he bunched my pants around my ankles. He pushed me down onto the sofa and just when I thought he was going to get down to business sucking my cock, he flipped me over and put a handcuff on one of my wrists. I fought him as best I could with one hand cuffed and my jeans around my ankles. When we fell to the floor with me on top, I knocked the wind out of him. Spinning around quickly, I had him on his stomach and, finding another pair of cuffs on the coffee table, had his hands cuffed behind him before he could breathe again.

"FLCK!" was all he could say.

"Yeah, fuck," I said in his ear. "What the hell were you trying to do to me?"

"Nothing, just a friendly game."

"I know a friendly game, too," I said, smiling.

I left him there on the floor and went to his closet. The ankle restraints were right where I remembered seeing them earlier. He had raised himself into a kneeling position while I was gone. I pushed him face down onto the sofa and put the restraints on his ankles and hooked them together. He struggled some but not enough to stop me. Using my belt, I attached his ankles to the handcuffs and let him down to the floor onto his side.

"What are you gonna do to me?" he asked

"Find a way to thank you for loaning me this leather. Hey, you look pretty not like that. Is your dick still hard?" I asked, reaching under him and giving

his hard cock a good squeeze. "Nice," I said.

He really looked worried now.

"You once told me you had a hidden playroom in here, where you took all your tricks for fun and games. Where is it?" He didn't say a word, but glanced towards the bedroom. "Won't tell me? I'll find it myself."

The most likely place was the leather closet. I moved the clothes around looking for a hidden door, but found nothing. His bedroom was the same. Back in the closet, I moved his collection of boots and shoes and found a section of carpet that didn't exactly match the rest. Peeling the carpet back with my fingernails, I found a trapdoor. A ring popped out of the floor and when I pulled it, the floor rose up on a hinge, revealing a wide staircase that ended in darkness. Near the first step was a switch that turned on the lights. I went down to the bottom of the stairs and there before me was the finest dungeon I had seen in a long time. A large wooden table dominated the room, big enough to hold a tall person spread eagle without hanging over the edge. The walls had hooks and chains every 3 feet or so, and the ceiling was beamed and hung with spare chains.

"Perfect," I said to myself.

My rod bobbed as I vaulted the stairs to get Dave. He hadn't moved. I carefully lifted him onto my shoulder and carried him down the stairs

"How did you find it so fast?" he asked

"You didn't hide it as if someone would be looking for it, just so that no one would notice it if they walked into the closet," I explained.

I put him on the table. The four corners had eyebolts and dog clips. I untied the belt, and clipped his ankles to one corner of the table. Removing one handcuff, I pulled his still cuffed arm and clipped it to the opposite corner. Next, I undid his jeans and pulled them down to his ankles. His raging hard on sprung up and slapped his stomach. He tried to punch me with his free hand, but I managed to stay

out of his way. Unhooking the ankle restraints, I pulled his leg through his jeans and, with him struggling hard, clipped it to the third corner. His other arm proved to be quite a challenge. He wouldn't let me grab it until I reminded him that if I left, he would be able to free himself no matter how hard he tried. That made him relax his arm and let me put on a wrist restraint and clip it to the last corner. I replaced the hand cuff with the second restraint, re-clipped his arm to the table, and stood back.

He was magnificent. Spread out on that table, shiny with sweat, looking royally pissed off, he was packaged and ready for abuse

"Cocksucker!" he yelled.

"Good place to start."

I leaned over the table and blew my breath on his cock head, then licked gently. I felt the blood pulsing in the shaft. The hard member disappeared into my mouth as I sucked with all my might. Dave moaned. I pulled off.

"NOOOO," he said.

"Shut your mouth before I put something in it."

"Asshole!"

I found a small pecker gag on a shelf. He shook his head so I couldn't get it on. I grabbed his head with both hands and closed my teeth on his nose, cutting off his air. A few seconds later, he opened his mouth to breathe and that's when I plugged him. His eyes were wide with surprise as I buckled the gag.

"That's better," I said.

He shook his head from side to side but the gag would not come off.

"You may as well hold still and enjoy this because you're not getting free until I'm satisfied I've thanked you enough."

I scanned the room for ideas.

"Quite a collection you have here," I said

I picked up a set of tit clamps attached with a chain. He squirmed nicely when I clamped one down on each of his pierced nipples. I held the other clamp up, pulling on the tit, and swung the chain back and forth. He moaned

Afterlife

By Simon Sheppard

When Mac closed his eyes for the last time, he was lying in a hospital bed. The young priest, very cute, seemed disappointed at being deprived of a final confession. Mac's mother cried and cried. And his lover, past tears, sat on the bed, a funny look on his face, holding Mac's bony hands.

When Mac opened his eyes again, he was in a bathhouse. The faint voices of an angelic choir wafted through the air, along with a whiff of Pine-Sol.

"I.D., please," said the bearded bear behind the glass window. His silvery name tag said "Pete." Mac discovered a plastic-covered card in his pocket. He showed it to the man behind the window and was handed a towel and a little tube of lube. No condom, Mac thought, but then he realized Of course! Nobody needs one. Not up here, not at the baths. Pete buzzed him through and he walked into the locker room. There were a few other guys there, stripping down, cruising each other, wrapping snow-white towels around their waists. And a saggy old guy lounged superciliously in the corner, playing with himself and puffing on a cigarette in a long holder. Mac did a double-take: it was Noel Coward.

Mac caught sight of himself in a full-length mirror. Huh, not bad. He hadn't looked so hunky in years. His eyes fixed on the image of the near-naked man undressing behind him. He turned around to watch.

Is there any sight more holy, Mac wondered, than watching a man from behind as he takes off his underwear? The way his haunches move, the hidden promise of his shifting buttcrack. He felt himself getting hard.

So they did have erections up here. Well, of course they would. They should.

The guy he was watching, staring at

really, looked Italian, a little disreputable. A little like rough trade. Just his type. A beautiful, hairy butt. And a big uncut dick. The guy had noticed him watching, stroked his furry Italian chest provocatively, wrapped his towel around his waist, clicked his locker shut. And, with a haughty half-smile, headed off down the hall.

Mac followed, caught up with him by the wood-and-glass door of the sauna. The Italian guy was lounging against the wall, hips thrust forward, cock pressing against terry cloth, an expression of insolent disinterest on his face. He looked Mac directly in the eyes, opened the door and went inside. Mac hesitated; after all, he'd just gotten there, and his journey had been tiring and somewhat . . . surprising. He thought of his grieving boyfriend, probably still back there at his bedside. His heart gave a tug. Oh well, too late to do anything about that. He pulled open the sauna door and stepped inside.

The Italian was sitting, alone in the piercing dry heat. He was on the lower bench, leaning back with arms resting on the upper bench. Legs spread, obviously hard dick just barely concealed by the white towel. His hard body was already shiny with sweat. Expressionless, the man stared at Mac, then half-closed his dark eyes. Mac dropped to his knees between the man's legs. The guy reached down and pulled open his towel. Beautiful fucking hard-on. He stuck his face between the man's hairy thighs. The dark smell of the man's sweaty crotch rose to his nostrils. He leaned into the flesh, tongued the guy's sweat slick ballsack. The dark man moaned slightly, thrust his hips further forward. Mac ran his tongue up the underside of the shaft, kissed the soft flesh that had emerged from the foreskin, wrapped his lips around the dickhead, then slid his mouth down

with the gag. Dave squealed when I turned his other nipple and dropped it on his stomach.

All this time, our dicks never soft. I massaged his dick with some I found on the shelf with all the other toys. We were both close to coming. I let his dick go.

"There will be no orgasm tonight if I say so, understand?"

I didn't bother to wait for an answer. His cock pulsed, ready to cum.

Several dildos and a vibrator stood idly on another shelf. I took the color and a medium sized dildo, I lit, and pressed it against Dave's nicker. He tightened his ass muscles to keep it out.

"Put it in, Dave."

I pushed harder. This time it slid in enough that he couldn't stop it any more. I put it about half way in. The vibrator made a loud humming sound when I turned it on. Dave made an even louder sound when I pressed it against the dildo and used it to push the nasty invader in to the hilt. His penis rose off the table as far as he could stretch. I kept the vibrator solid in his ass.

"You can cum anytime you want now," I told him.

A few seconds later, with a rumbling rattled growl, he did just that, all over himself. Cum flew from his cock onto his face, chest and hair. The vibrator did its nasty work. The last squirt flew off his head and hit the table with a plop. I kept the vibrator on until his penis slowly lowered back onto the table.

I hopped up onto the table and straddled Dave on my knees. He trembled as I jerked myself to orgasm just inches from his face. My cum landed with his in his beard and hair. It too soon, my dick dribbled the end of its load onto his chest. I leaned over, removed his gag and we gave each other an intense kiss.

Dave thanked me when I unclipped his wrists and ankles.

"No. Thank you for loaning me the mother."

We showered and spent the rest of the weekend thanking each other. ■

over the man's cock till he felt it pressing against the back of his throat. His throat muscles milked the guy's dick-head as the hard, hot shaft pumped into his mouth.

Swallowing that big Italian penis made breathing difficult, and the sauna's heat didn't help matters. Just when he thought he was going to pass out, he felt the man's hands under his arms, pulling him upward from the floor. Pulling him up till they were face-to-face. The man held Mac against him, wrapped his arms around him, kissed Mac violently, shoving his tongue in Mac's hungry mouth. Their slippery bodies slipped and glided together. Mac's smoother flesh against the dark man's hairy torso. Mac drew his face away, stared into the other man's piercing eyes. Wordlessly, the Italian raised one arm over his head, exposing a bush of dark hair. Mac buried his face in the armpit, rubbing his face deep into the smell, inhaling deeply.

The man's hands were on both cocks now, squeezing them, rubbing them together, jacking them off, man-flesh against manflesh. Mac wanted him to slow down, prolong the sensations, but when he tried to pull away, the man's grip just tightened, stroking remorselessly. "Oh God FUCK!" Mac grunted into the man's smelly pit as the two men exploded into twin jets of cum. The man grabbed the back of Mac's head, pulled his face to his own and gave him a wet, long kiss. Their slippery bodies were stuck together by a flood of cum. Mac looked around. Another man had entered the sauna, had been sitting on the opposite bench, watching them and jerking off, and was now lazily licking his own juice off his hand. "Doccia," the Italian man smiled. "Shower."

As they stood side-by-side, steaming hot water washing over their flesh, down over dicks still half-hard, Mac broke the silence. Maybe it wasn't standard procedure, but he'd always been friendly at the baths. "Name's Mac," he said. "I just got here."

The other man had a heavy accent. "My name is Caravaggio."

(continued on page 73)

"The artist?"

"Si."

"Holy fuck!"

Caravaggio grinned, reached over, and gave Mac a smart slap on his soapy butt.

They towed off and set out down one of the corridors. The place was a lot larger than it had seemed at first, a maze of corridors and cubicles bathed in a soft, unearthly light. Many of the rooms' doors were closed, but others

stood open. Through one Mac saw a well-built black man lying back on the bed, playing with his stiff dick. Mac recognized him. He had been one of the stars of Mac's favorite soap opera. In the next room, two men lay on their bellies, side-by-side on the little bed, their upturned asses inviting exploration. They looked like twins. And so it went, room after room, hallway after hallway, men in every conceivable size and shape. A cute, slightly chubby Ch



DRUMMER

HARD CORE

JERKOFF FIGHT
VOLUME



INSIDE

PIC SEX

- IN LEATHER
- OUTDOORS
- WITH BOND
- FORCED
- SURFER
- SHAVED
- AUTOEROTIC
- ETC

56 PAGES OF GRADE-A SMUT!

GET YOURS NOW ON PAGE #84!

ROB

TIT WEAR



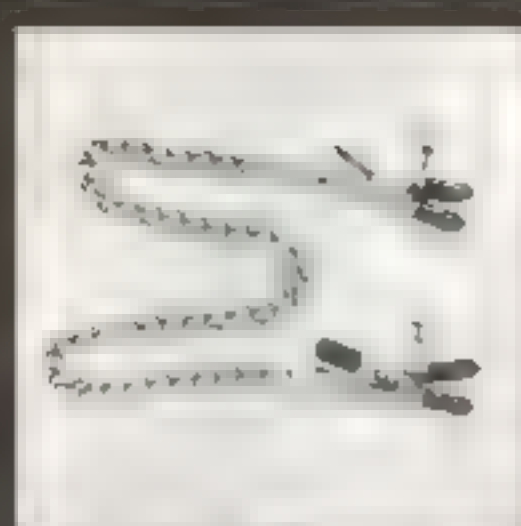
ELASTRATOR



SUCKER



TURN ON



ALLIGATOR



CLOVERLEAF



RAZORBACK

1025

1026

1027

1028 (with chain)

1031

plain

adjustable

\$13

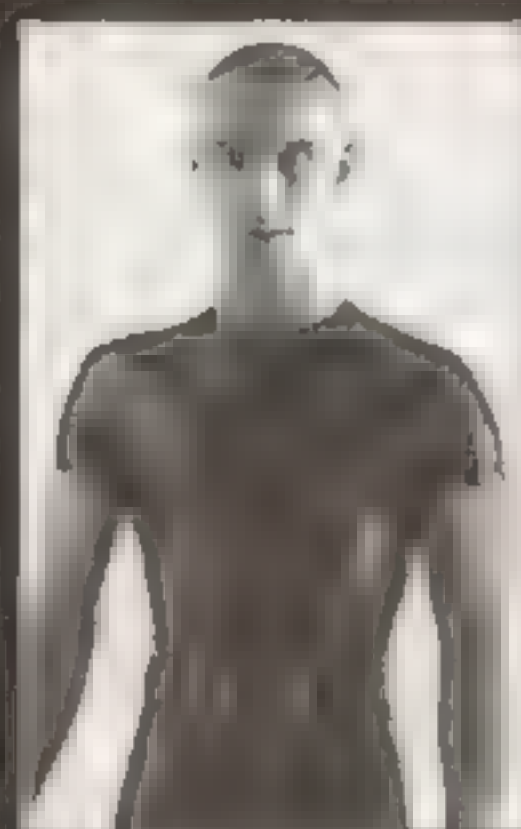
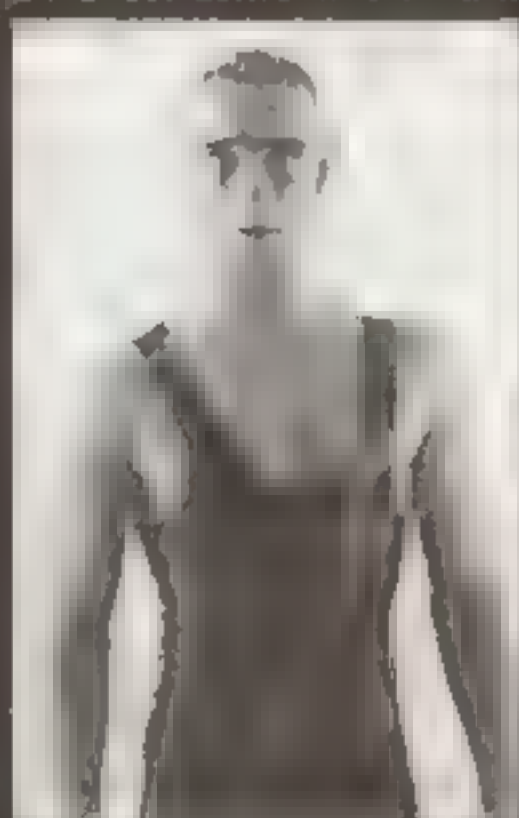
\$14

RUBBER

RUBBER SINGLET

R344 Size: S/M/L/XL \$44.00

RUBBER TIT FLASH VEST



RUBBER T-SHIRT



RUBBER Y-BACK VEST

S/M/L/XL \$48

MORE RUBBER? CRUISE 84 PAGES LOADED WITH RUBBER, LEATHER, DILDOES, HARNESSSES, BUTT-PLUGS, WHIPS, CLAMPS, RESTRAINTS, HOODS, GAGS AND MORE IN THE NEW ROB CATALOG. ORDER FROM ROB GALLERY, NOW!

ROB

Mail check/money order to: RoB Gallery
30 Guerrero Street, San Francisco, Ca 941

Credit Card Orders may call

phone (415) 252-1198 fax: (415) 865-

QUANTITY

CODE & SIZE

PR

ALL RESIDENTS ADD 8.5% TAX

SHIPPING

\$5

TOTAL

(continued from page 70)

guy working a big dildo up his ass. A handsome older man whose hair suggested a Civil War soldier. Mac was sure he'd seen one in a PBS documentary on the Depression.

They turned a corner, a craggy, aged man grinned at Caravaggio. "Ciao, bello!" he said, and they exchanged air kisses. "Pasolini," Caravaggio confided when the man had left.

Mac was relaxing into the swing of it had been years since he'd been to the tubs, but it was just as he remembered it: the parade of female flesh; the circles and cycles of aging, trying to stare with just the degree of barely-concealed desire; gropings at hard flesh; the delicious shock when man-to-man contact made. The flirtations. The frustration. The never-ending deliciousness of dripping cock.

Mac remembered Corey. He'd met him at one of the huge, fancy bathhouses of the late '70s, pleasure palaces as elaborate as any theme park. It was the one with the cab of a fire engine in the middle of the Truck Room. The Campground, with a for-rent and crickets chirping over a P.A. system. The two-tier Cell Block, the memories brought a smile to Mac's face.

Mac had been in the steam room, a miniature maze of curvilinear white tiles. The mists and Mac's pipe concealed the face of the man lying there, feet propped up on the bench, knees spread wide, asshole exposed and inviting. In a flash, Mac was on his knees, running his tongue down the stiff shaft, over soft scrotum, into the man's juicy hole. Holding to the man's firm, hairy calves for his life, he nuzzled into tangy sweet flesh, shoving his tongue deep into the man's insides. Those were the days! And that was how he met Corey, the man with whom he was to spend the latter part of a decade. Till Corey was dead and gone, leaving him the way he'd just left Jim.

Whack! The sound of leather meet-

ing flesh echoed down the halls. He and Caravaggio turned as one, heading for the sound.

The sound was coming from the dungeon. In one corner of the room, a bald-headed man was bound up, back to the wall, hands chained above his head. A well-built man was slapping the bald guy with a leather paddle, working over the vulnerable flesh of the man's inner thighs. Every blow made the bottom's rock-hard cock bobble and jump. Mac recognized the man with the paddle. Even recognized his dick. And why not? He'd seen that dark, bulky cock in plenty of porn videos. Al Parker. The guy had been a star.

Whack! The bald guy with the reddening thighs looked familiar, too. He turned to Caravaggio. "Who's the bottom? Do you know?"

The painter seemed distracted. He was staring at a thin, long-haired young guy in a broad leather collar who was kneeling, hands behind his back, and staring up invitingly at the Italian. "Who? Oh, sì, that's Foucault. Michel Foucault. He does like to take his punishment."

And so he did. Parker was swatting at Foucault's dick now, rhythmically slapping at the bulging flesh while the French philosopher whimpered and squirmed.

"If you'll pardon me, my friend," Caravaggio said, "there's something I must do." And he sauntered off toward the kneeling boy.

Parker was standing right up against Foucault now, still torturing the man's pain-hungry dick while he shoved his left hand in the Frenchman's open, moaning mouth. Parker dropped the paddle and started slapping Foucault's face with his right hand. Every blow made Foucault's body arch and tremble, until his wide-stretched mouth let out a loud, long groan and the Frenchman came in shuddering spurts.

It was entertaining to watch, Mac thought, but not really his thing. (Truth be told, Corey had been the kinky one. Every so often, he had come home on Sunday morning with welts on his pretty ass and a silly grin on his handsome

face.) His artistic new friend was standing above the kneeling boy, grabbing a handful of hair and guiding the boy's mouth up and down on his insatiable dick. The rings on the boy's collar gleamed. Mac went off in search of the Jacuzzi.

"Know where the Jacuzzi is?" he asked a bleached-blond kid with at least a dozen piercings in each ear. "Dunno," the kid said, scratching his head, well-bitten fingernails running through black roots. "Just got here myself."

The kid seemed awfully young to be there. Mac wanted to ask but didn't. The kid told him anyway. "Some guys in school threw me off a bridge," he offered. "It's nice here, huh?" He smiled.

Mac wandered through throngs of men in towels, receiving lustful glances, smiling in return. His dick was getting hard again. Already. Up here, clearly, the old limits didn't apply. When he got to the door of the dark orgy room, he decided to postpone a soak in the tub.

The unlit orgy room was full of naked men. He moved away from the light of the doorway, into a heaving sea of naked flesh. Within seconds, someone's hand was on his hard-on, someone else's mouth on his nipple. A big, slippery dick pressed against his thigh. He'd forgotten how good it felt, this abundance of undifferentiated flesh in the dark. Hands were on his ass now, stroking, probing, pushing his ass-cheeks apart. A wet finger was working his hole loose, stroking and pushing till Mac opened up and let him in. The well-lubed finger worked its way inside him, finger-fucking him expertly until he wanted more. Had to have more. He reached behind, ran his hand over the man's hard belly, down to a stiff dick, and guided the man's hard-on to his ass. The unseen man slid his finger out, wrapped his arm around Mac's chest, and pulled Mac up against his warm, muscled body, guiding his cock into Mac's butt. Mac spread his feet, trying for balance. As the man pumped into him, his grip on Mac tightened. His

other hand grabbed Mac's face, turning his head till he felt the unknown man's lips against his own. It wasn't a kiss, not really, just a sharing of breath. The man's hand moved down to Mac's dick and started tugging at Mac's nuts, stretching out the sac. "Oh yeah, fuck me hard," Mac whispered into the man's mouth. "Fuck me good." The man grabbed Mac's cock and used it as a handle, sliding Mac up and down on his cock. Mac's muscles tightened, started shaking. Their mouths were wide open now, sharing hot breath.

Rivers of hot sweat dripped between their bodies. The man grunted with every thrust. His hand tightened around Mac's cock, almost to the point of pain, and he exploded deep inside Mac's wet, yielding ass. Their tongues met. Mac shot off in an endless, delicious spasm of cum.

The man pulled out, spun Mac around till they were face to unseen face, and threw his arms around him. Mac rested his head on the man's shoulder and stroked his broad back. Mac's breathing slowed and he

regained his balance. The man's loosened. He said, "Take care, but strapped Mac on the ass, and gone, reabsorbed into the flow of

Like Moses parting the Red Mac unsteadily made his way through the tides of flesh, back to the coast. He stood there, still shaky, dick half-hard, blinking in the light. Then he hit the Jacuzzi.

It was just down the hall, a turquoise tub filled with warm, churning water and a familiar smell of chlorine. Only a couple of other guys were in



all of the men, Mac figured, were in the orgy room. He lowered himself into the tub. The warm water tingled against his well-used hole. A thin man with the face of a Mayan prince was sitting on the opposite rim of the tub, legs dangling in the water, and a mostly submerged boy with shaved head and tattooed shoulders lay between his thighs, bobbing up and down on his dick. The man getting naked stared into Mac's eyes. "Want to come?" he asked. Mac nodded. The man pulled

the boy's head away from his dick and, without touching himself, shot big gushing streams of sperm all over his lean brown belly. The Mayan prince smiled at Mac. "See you," he said. He looked down at the boy. "We're going, cockslover."

"Yes, sir," the boy said, raising his colorful, chunky body from the swirling water. They walked off together, the boy several paces behind the lean prince.

Mac was alone. He closed his eyes and threw his head back, the whirlpool of water jets caressing him into a state of torpid pleasure. He had almost drifted off to sleep when he felt another man's foot on his.

Mac kept his eyes closed, didn't move as the underwater foot moved up Mac's leg, pushing at his knees till his legs were spread apart. As the man's toes went further up, caressed his inner thigh, Mac felt himself getting hard again. Three times in an hour! He was going to like it up here.

The toes were on his ballsack now, gently playing with his nuts. Mac squirmed and sighed. The big toe moved down the sensitive ridge between his legs, down to his still-pulsing hole, and started teasing the sensitive assflesh. Mac slid down so the toe pressed deeper into him. His hard-on was throbbing now.

The man's foot moved back up, over Mac's balls, till it was pressing against the arc of Mac's hard dick. Mac bucked his hips, rubbing his dick hard against the sole of the man's foot.

Mac thought he heard it above the rush of swirling water. His name. "Hey, Mac." He had heard it. He opened his eyes.

The other man in the Jacuzzi. Corey. It was Corey. He grabbed Corey's foot, held on to it for dear life.

The moistness in Mac's eyes transformed the soft light behind Corey's handsome, smiling face into a glowing halo.

"Hey, Mac," said Corey. "Welcome to Heaven."

Kellan Ethics:

**Sex & Bondage at
Mr. Drummer Europe**

*Non fiction
by Kellan Farshea*

2 am. Amsterdam. Stood in a dark corridor that runs alongside the play-space in the Winners Ball of Mr Drummer Europe 96. At my feet is a mid forties daddy-boy sleaze pig. I'm in black ex-army cammo's, he's in green ex-army cammo's and rubber. He is drenched in my piss, face sticky with my spit. He struggles to stand up, tries to get up from the floor but I won't let him. I thump and smack his head and back until he gives in and falls back to his knees. I don't know his name. We haven't agreed to a stop-word.

Europe. Home of Tom (of Finland), Bastille, Toy, the Marquis de Sade, Leopold Sacher-Masoch, currently awash with rubber clad perverts and skinhead queers in ex-army cammo trousers and Doc Martin boots.

Amsterdam. Europe. Mr Drummer 96. Before any of us even get to Amsterdam, the weekend has an unmistakably American feel to it. Leather Pride. What is this notion called Leather Pride? Is it like Leather Tribe; Leather Bar; Leather sex? A North American term transposed through US cultural imperialism onto gay and SM communities around the world. Leather—no longer a description of a particular fetish, it has become a euphemism for a variety of SM and fetish practices. One can be a leather man and never wear leather. Leathersex may involve simply wearing a leather jacket and fucking or it

may be dressed in jockstraps whilst wrestling in shit or standing at sun-up wearing nothing but play piercing needles.

I tie his hands behind his back and kick him in the balls - over and over again. He whimpers and then cries out. All around me there are men, dressed in leather chaps and checked shirts, they kneel and suck cock; they bend over and get fucked; they squeeze into a dark box-space and fumble with each other's genitals. Is this the best I should hope for in a Leather-Space? Vanilla relief from a man in leather gear? Sorry-but I am a dominant sadist, an SMer, a pervert-I didn't go through all the heartache of a second coming out so that I could get a blow job in a dress-code backroom. Besides, I haven't gotten hard yet. But my head is cruising at an altitude of 20,000 ft. I force my hand into his mouth, press down on his tongue so he can't bite back and spit, repeatedly, into his face.

European Leathermen? Over here in Europe, it has a different meaning. More precise, less encompassing. It simply means wearing leather. Leather men are just one group out of many. Over here we are perverts, fetishists and SMers.

The Mr Drummer Europe 96 would have to be someone who understood the cultural diversity of Europe; someone who had a sense of Europe as a different entity to America; someone who could speak more languages than english; someone who recognised that our icons have grown out of Bastille and Cadinot rather than Tom of Finland and John Wayne. As judges we chose a skinhead man dressed in rubber. His fantasy involved tying a man into a Japanese rope harness. It was simple, precise, skillful and (for me at least) extremely erotic. When I returned home and logged onto IRC (Internet Relay Chat) German, French and English perves



found it ironically amusing that a rubber clad man should win a title at Leather Pride. But they also felt we had chosen the right man for Europe. He was tall, not heavily muscular, and particularly interested in leather, short cropped hair and definitely into SM sex.

But how appropriate are these titles to the European experience of SM? Are they just another layer of American gay culture, like rainbow flags and red ribbons, sliding on top of the diverse multi-country queer Europe? Is this a commercial butt-plug filling a hole in our ill-defined continent? Is this yet another example of the fractal nature of Europe, no matter how micro or macro our perspective—Europe is a collection of different, sometimes oppositional, cultures sharing the same geographical space. Divided by so many different languages, currencies, borders and laws, we don't have many ideas or icons to unite around. Perhaps American gay culture is our only common denominator. But should we be adopting it wholesale without question, and how open is it to reconstruction in a more European image?

Down in the bar at the Winners Ball, old guard leathermen jostle and chat, dressed in full leather, mulr caps, moustaches, and, perhaps incongruously, San Francisco police uniforms. They wouldn't look out of place in most American leather bars but here they stand out in the play-space.

Back home, on IRC, I find that a lot of European queer perverts were put off by the use of "Leather" in the title of the week. These are the next generation, new-guard perverts. They want to go to mixed queer SM venues, where dyke and gay perverts mix and match images and roles. They dress in rubber and gas masks and big boots and skinhead gear and discarded east European combat clothing. They don't just

shave their faces or heads, they shave their whole bodies. They didn't go to Leather Pride because leather is term synonymous with Born To Raise Hell, Masters of Europe, clones, the USA, backrooms and dress-codes. Can a title say anything to them?

Title holders are an institution in the home of the American dream. A country which depends for its survival on the myth that everyone and anyone can be president if they work hard enough. There are titles for everyone—geographically or demographically—from Mid-Atlantic Leather to Deaf Gay Leather. No-one should feel they don't have a chance to hold a title at some time. As long as, and this is never stated, as long as they have the money to fly from one city or state to another.

But economics aside, the USA is one country, albeit of many states, the official language is American english whether one is in Seattle, Texas or Boston. There is a reassuring continuity backed up by a national constitution that give a title holder a firm footing wherever they are in the country.

In Europe the title holder is a misnomer. An award without clear purpose, without even a clear constituency. Can a title-holder from Spain be expected to converse easily and intelligently with SMers in Italy, Germany, Iceland and Ireland? Can an SMer from the former East Germany relate to the relaxed queer/SM culture of the Netherlands?

Europe 96. A generation behind the USA. Most perverts here don't belong to leather clubs. The MSC is, in many countries (and particularly in Britain), an organisation of older gaymen, hostile to dykes or straights, hostile to change. Whilst the European SM scene explodes into life, the new generation tends not to belong to these committee led clubs. This is a generation who saw the Berlin wall come down, who saw government after government become

embroiled in corruption trials; we distrust old-guard hierarchies whether in national or SM politics. This is a generation who come to London for the annual SM Pride because they identify as SMers rather than as fetishists. What can a title that hides behind euphemism say to us?

I have taken him, wet and stinking, out of the play-area and down to the Eagle bar. I lead him down the stairs by a rope. I tie his hands behind his back and blindfold him. As ever, in this macho, dress-code leather bar, the backroom is full of blowjobs and fucking. I try to find a space to play. In the end I have to push someone out of the way to get a bit of wail space. I piss on him again. A leather clad top says something nasty to me in a language I cant understand. Somebody complains because my bitter tasting recycled tonic water urine has seeped across the floor and onto his leather jacket. My daddy-boy pig-slut is hard, sweating. Even though I dont drink alcohol, I take a mouthful of his beer and spit it over him. Then, I push my cock into his mouth and spray yet more piss into his mouth. He drinks every drop. I am close to heaven now. Dreamy almost. I lean down and lick his face clean. My mouth is full of his sweat and my piss. Two flavors guaranteed to stain a nice leather jacket. But dressed in our canvas, cotton and rubber, we simply soak up our pleasures.

"Good Boy," I say to him. And spit into his open mouth.

He replies quietly, in a soft Irish accent.

"Thank you Sir."

Kellan Farshea lives in London, UK. He is a dominant sadist, a pierced tattooed pervert and been actively involved in SM for 7 years. He is the founder of the Countdown on Spanner Campaign and SMPride. He is currently a trustee for The Spanner Trust. He is also a writer, a performance poet, a vegetarian and a human rights activist. ■

HOW TO MEET TOUGH MEN

1.

Pick up a copy of Drummer Tough Customers magazine. Choose the men you want to meet from the hundreds of photo personals which appear in every issue.

OR

Check out the classified ads in this issue of International Drummer. If the ad has a phone symbol, you can reply on the Drummer Tough Line.

2.

Call one of the two Drummer Tough Line numbers.

3.

Listen to your man's message and leave him your message.

1-800-959-TOUGH

1-800-959-8684
\$1.98 per minute
Credit cards only

1-900-46-TOUGH

1-900-468-6844
\$3.00 first minute
\$2.00 additional minute
Billed to your telephone



DRUMMER
TOUGH
LINE

10 DRUMMER

HOW TO RESPOND TO CLASSIFIED ADS

A. ADS WITH THE TOUGH LINE SYMBOL,

1. Using a touch-tone phone call 1-800-959-TOUGH (1-800-959-8684)

to be billed to your credit card (we accept Visa, MasterCard, American Express and Discover)


or 1-900-I'M TOUGH (1-900-468-6844)

billed to your phone. The cost of each call is \$1.98 for each minute (\$2.98 for the first minute).

2. Follow the TOUGH LINE voice instructions for 800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four or five digit numbers appearing at the end of each of your favorite ads.

3. GET READY FOR SOME HOT ACTION ON THE TOUGH LINE!

B. ADS WITH FORWARDING SYMBOL,

1. Look for the forwarding symbol, , following the 4 or 5 digit box numbers at the end of each ad.

2. Compose your HOT response letters and seal each of them in envelopes. Indicate the box number of the ads to which you're responding on the back flap of each envelope. The front of the envelopes may include your return address and MUST INCLUDE CORRECT POSTAGE (see item #3 below for postage rates). LEAVE THE "SEND TO" PORTION OF THE ENVELOPE BLANK (we fill that in).

3. ADD CORRECT POSTAGE TO EACH RESPONSE (Rates are based on mailing FROM U.S.A.):

a. DOMESTIC U.S. requires 32 cents for the first ounce (31.1 gms.) and 23 cents for each additional ounce.

b. CANADA AND MEXICO require 40 cents for the first ounce (31.1 gms.) and 23 cents for each additional ounce.

c. ALL OTHER OVERSEAS POSTAGE is 50 cents for the first one-half ounce (15.6 gms.), 45 cents for the second one-half ounce, and 39 cents for each additional one-half ounce. (Example: If a letter weighs 1-3/4 ounces (approx. 54.5 gms.), the postage would total \$1.73.)


(We can only accept U.S. currency as payment. Overseas postal vouchers or foreign currency are not acceptable. You may use your credit card or International Money Orders for any charges. If you are overseas responding to a U.S. ad and U.S. postage is not available to you we will provide postage at an additional charge. For 1 - 5 letters send an additional \$2. For 5 - 10 letters send an additional \$5, regardless of weight. Postage rates are correct at the time of this writing and are subject to change without notice. Respondents are responsible for the correct postage at prevailing rates).

Note: Letters not properly prepared or posted will be returned to sender at the discretion of INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER Magazine. We will forward responses to ads in back issues; however, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.


4. Put STAMPED, sealed letter(s) and \$1 forwarding fee PER LETTER (FREE for LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS - please tell us your LF number) in a separate mailer and send to INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141 0390. Letters are addressed here and forwarded within 2 business days.

NATIONWIDE


"EAGER BOY SEARCHING"

For tough Master to serve/worship/chensh. Call 515-532-3707 before 10pm CST 88354 

15 INCHES ON 2 TOPS

Looking for 3-way bottoms who know how to obey, serve and please his men we want a bottom to give us what we want. Do you like it from both ends? POB 973, Oakbrook, IL 60522 South Florida and Nationwide. Write w photo now! You know you want all 15 inches 9902 


ALONE IN N.W. FLORIDA

39yo, 6', 175#, BRN/BRN, good body, clean shaven, big thick tool, mostly bottom need hot leather, toys, attitude & WS. We both know what we need. Let's get it on! Can host. Live on beach. Write with photo. Will answer all 88335 


ASIAN MASTER WANTED

Obedient, submissive, WM, late 40s, seeks dominant Asian to serve & worship. Light SM, humiliation/VK, catch/ass/pit service & groveling. POB 426655, San Francisco, CA 94142


ASS-EATER DAD SEEKS LTR

Dad, 48yo, 5'7", 152#, BRN/BRN, seeks long term relationship w ads. But h term 9966 3045yo love to stuff, love and hole. Guys, send photos of your rear in Levi 501s. Relocate to the sun. GA, Box 78443, Tucson, AZ 85403, (520) 888-8785 11289 


BEEFY SADISTIC SICILIAN

5'9", 210#, 40s, 7" cut, HIV- seeks stocky, chunky slave into heavy VK, whipping, WS, running, TL, CBT, humiliation, degradation, booze, smoke, aroma ok. Photo to POB 1141, HQ Queens, NY 11372. No limits, bearded, balding, hairy, cut, heavy whipping, torture pluses. 9874 

BLACKMAN AND TOILET SEX


Experienced WM, 36yo, 5'7", 150#, good shape with bubble butt! To meet versatile black man with similar interests. For example: leather, speedos, briefs, aroma, toys, role play and most freaky scenes, etc. Absolutely no tats, fangs, or JO calls. (313)527-2965 9876 

BOOT DISCIPLINE


WM, dominant, demanding, big, mature redneck wants contact with a submissive who is ready for abuse and total control. Outdoor scenes will include weapons, whips, spurs, ropes, cigars, uniforms, bootlicking, discipline, physical and verbal abuse 5861 

BOBBY BOBBY

6WM, 31yo, 5'10", 170#, seeks a husky, chubby Daddy or BB who craves the look, smell & feel of the gloves for scenes of tough-talk,

hours of humping, sniffing, heavy bag workout, safe boxing lessons. I'm a non-fighter into safe fantasy, relationship possible. 20189 


BOY SEEKS TARZAN

MJSC stud, 31yo, 5'8", 170# wants to be owned by a MJSC, strong, dominant Master/toughman. Share your life with a younger gdlg guy. Perm only. I'm loyal, quiet. Relocation for butch outdoorsman. Must be large/husky and rugged. Photo required. POB 3124, Shawshank Village Station, Andover, MA 01810-0803 20343 


DAD SEEKS MUSCLEBOY

Dominant, generous, fit, handsome, stable. Top successful professional, 48yo, 5'9", 170# BRN/BRN, hairy chest - great pecs) wants Muscled boy/man for long term relationship. Provide home + support while you build your body. Must relocate to NC. Bottoms only. This is for real - no games. Apply with photo to 20198


DARK, MUSCULAR TASKMASTER

Hairy Italian BB, 5'9", 43"ch, 28"w, 16"a, 8 1/2"x5 1/2" cut. Wants full or part time slave for pig & other training. L, uniforms, WS, BD FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You built, nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly 1 adkl stud 9993 


DO YOU DREAM OF BEING

Shipped naked and tortured beyond description solely for the pleasure of an audience? Seeking sophisticated exhibitionist/voyeur SM devotees to participate in scenes of elegant decadence involving all kink. TX, LA, CA, NY 3659 

DOMINANT COPS

Submissive white male 40yo, wants Top Cop for onest. interrogation, confinement done your way. Travel pass., complete discretion, special interests include uniforms, weapons, control, cuffs, etc. This prisoner needs incarceration. Call (412) 421-8252 or write to Box 9892 

DO YOU WANT TO BE

into the country Master, 40's, big, w/ beard, tattoos, ISO slave willing to move to rural farm house. Latex/rubber/leather BD, hoods, chains, gags, piercing. Total obedience. Short term to a OK! (423) 471 2920 anyt me 20323 

DO YOU WANT TO BE

GWPM, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV-, hairy, balding, 'stoche, smoker, fanatic about extra-soapy (1/4 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, full-belly buttohole anemas ISO to m smooth/shaved a+) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to supervise you on potty atten/fuck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY TOO MUCH IS ENJF No scat. Photo/lt to: POB

MALE NEEDS CORRECTION

5'10" will service uniformed men, sports props, and hangers. Doves: 7 8-768-0408

WOMAN AVE. BOY'S DESIRES

Being whipped naked by a group and tortured humiliated description for audience. Smoke and alcohol NYC 20347

MALE SEES SLAVE/SON

6'1" 195#, 4 yo, blond, goodlooking ex-football player. Seeks slave-obedient, with nice, big, 18-29yo. Write to Duke: POB 20014, D-ERR-STATION, NY NY 10011. Son or daughter considered as well. 11286

WANT YOU

Best young, understanding Top or obedient. I'm ISO someone special to share needs

MINNAPOTA FRONTIER AREA

Intensive GWM, 170#, 6'0", sks intensive. Into pain/discipline/leather. Wish to expand my limits. No fats, drugs, booze. 20341

PHILIP OF SHIT

Looking for humiliating abuser. Bootlicking, cock sucking, whippingboy to serve sadistic, kinky demands. Public scenes, groups especially desired. Also serve as naked slave at parties

6'2", 165#, 39yo. NYC (212) 678-4405 20194

THINKING ABOUT IT?

Commanding, demanding, sensual, sensitive Daddy-Master-Sir, seeks "Yes, Sir", "Please, Sir", "Thank You, Sir" boy toy (18+) to please my eyes and satisfy our needs. Clearly, discretely, my place in Brooklyn. Send phone & photo POB 2043, NYC, NY 10159-2043

ROCK CAROLINA

MINNAPOTA FRONTIER AREA

45yo, attractive WM, 6'2", 205#, ISO serious but firm patient Master. Your wish is my command. Phone 919-933-4259 EST (6pm-10pm)

OHIO

DRUMMER TOWN LINE

Safe opportunity to fulfill discipline fantasy with super fit British pro, 45yo, 175#. Adopt with belt, strap, paddle, cane, flogger. Limits respected, sensitive to first timers. Colonial butts with cocky attitude bend over and take it to your limits. POB 14056, Cleveland, OH 44115 3658

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

for weekend use. You are slim, short, preppy type. You will be kept nude or in slutty bikinis for life pain, humiliation and some exhibitionism. Must like floppy mocs and loafers, like SM/BD Cleveland. Photo. phone for interview. 8686

SM, BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional, 46yo, 5'10", 175#. Let's explore SM with culture, controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or IT, BD. Submission wins my affection. Thin, defined to BB or average A+. No gut or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC, POB 19830 Cincinnati, OH 45219

OREGON

WHITE SLAVE HOUSEBOY WANTED

You: over 18 under 36yo I am 56yo w/ 30 years SM Master exp. I will train you to be loved and appreciated by myself and my love slave. Longterm/ or lifetime. Only serious need apply. You need to obey, serve, be honest and true to your slave self and submit to my love and our lifestyle in Oregon. Send application, letter

w/photo and phone# to Master Ron. 20313

PENNSYLVANIA

SEEKING LEATHERBOY

Leather Daddy WM, 48yo, seeking boy in early 20's in Carlisle-Gatysburg-Shippensburg area. College boys welcome. WM or AM, thin, cute, smooth, non-smoker, drug-free, submissive, obedient for emotional, caring relationship. Frequent weekend get-aways possible. 20451

TENNESSEE

LEATHERBOY LEATHERBOY

Young looking Daddy - kinky, wat, wild. WM, 5'11", 175#, B-cut, red hair/beard/pubes, HIV-, mutual hot, creative, WS, FF, dildos, analmas, heavy soap, SM, CBT. Photo exch. & actual meetings (423)579-3058 (8am till 9pm EST) No phone JO 20175

STRIP-BOY

6'0", 155#, 36yo, experienced, submissive pierced, tattooed, LL, rubber boy seeks forced stripping, nudity, and rape scenes. Into WS, rouch, toilet sex, CP BD, humiliation and heavy VA from aggressive, dominant, LL. Men, groups, outdoors etc. 20196

TEXAS

OLDER SM BOTTOM WANTED

WM, 34yo, tall, dominant SM Top. I enjoy abrasion, whipping and Daddy/boy fantasy. You must be short, stocky, grey, balding boy. No smoking or drug use allowed. I prefer a permanent partner. Write today if you are the one 20144

THINKING ABOUT IT?

Muscles preferred GWM, 39yo, 5'10", 185#, BLND hair, bottom, interested in learning from another beginner and/or pro about SM and more. I prefer BIG guys, BB types (over 210#). Will fly right person(s) to Dallas if necessary. If interested write with photo to: RR, POB 822718, Dallas, TX 75382-2718

TEXAS LEATHER/CBT ACTION

Leather CBT, TT, BD action by hot hunks in Texas & surrounding states. I'm 36yo, 5'4", 140#, with a good body. Switch scenes, tied cock & balls, hoods, gags are turn ons. Write with phone & photo. Or call: (806)353-9452. 8440

VIRGINIA

WHITE SLAVE HOUSEBOY WANTED

WM, 39yo, 195#, BLND/BL, seeks younger boytoy for weekend encounters on outer banks. Average, versatile guy. romance to kink in leather. Must be HIV- and honest. Write: Dr. BF POB 15365, Chesapeake, VA 23328-5365. Signers welcomed. LTR possible for right attitude. 20337

1-800-NEW-237
LIVE PHOTOS
ALL NEW
STUD IN TOWN
Wild Time
1900
NET BILL
 9 3 8 2 4 5 5

Quick & Easy MANSCAN
 Scan all the men on the line & talk LIVE to the best of 22 eligible guys
CALL 011-592-588-839
 LIVE and Totally Uncensored!
 DIRT CHEAP TO CALL '01, NUMBERS Pay Reg. Int. L.J. Ratings
 Also try 011-592-588-821
 Instant Credit ... No One Refused

Horny guys. Bold action. Right NOW.
 Five hot ways to set your receiver on fire!
 Instant credit! From \$2/min.
1-800-365-GUYS (4897)
1-900-745-4004
 \$3.99/min. depending on option
 WPA, Pgh, PA • Must be 18+

CLASSIFIEDS

MAKE CONTACT ON THE DRUMMER TOUGH LINE
1-800-358-TOUGH \$1.98/min. billed to your credit card - 1-800-178-TOUGH \$1.98/min. billed to your phone

WASHINGTON

954, tight build. Versatile, vined leathersex love to get fucked. Mike, bike, ski. Bright/Lunny Travel 40% JS/Canada You. Non-smoking 6'WH, 30-55yo, in-shape beard, leather Top/versatile Letter B photo = answer Leo Egashira, 3632 - 24th Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98144-6715

HOT IN SEATTLE

Hot couple seeks others for mutual FF play Gary 49yo, 6'2", 'stache Wayne 43yo 5'11", bearded Versatile or Tops only. Sorry, no bottoms. We like to play long, sensuous, and deep. Smoke ok. Cigars, leather definite plus Play room fully equipped. (206) 547-8194 6pm-11pm PST

WISCONSIN

Tr m, MJSC, smooth 6'0", 165# Slave deserves severe whipping from Jean. MJSC stern Master. 40+yo pref Milwaukee area

INTERNATIONAL

BB & COP WORSHIPPING SLUT

Swedish bubblebutt, well trained leather slave 32yo, 6', HIV-, 7" fat, shaven, hungry here into VA, BD, SS, CP & pimp/slave role Skg real cops/BB masters for own use/rent-outs. Discreet/will travel. Johan Tor, Breva Box 377, 11479, Stockholm, Sweden 20172 *

DEFORM THIS QUEER'S PENIS

Redhead, 6'2", lean, 40's, submits naked/pumped, 8 1/2" x 8", to doctors/sadists/queer-hunters Needs hvy

longterm expmts/blogging/probes/beatings/exhibits-videos (Freak penis masochist needs real penis sadist) World-wide. Tel: 505-983-1569 ph/fax 20330

GOODLOOKING LEATHER SLAVE

is looking for horny action while on the road 39yo, 77kg, 6'2", clean shaven, 'stache, HIV+, uncirc hung ISO goodlooking Top for: WS, BD GR, rubber and FF training. Photo please 20342

HOLY SHIT! SEE TITUS 2-9

Neo-traditional convent, Bangkok. Sanctuary for Disciples of Discipline. Min. reqs - obedience, service, support, submission. Piercing, tattoos, WS pain, etc. We are 36, ex-Aust. BKK 7yrs & 1 Thai Discip. Apply PDS, POB 51, Patpong, Bangkok 10506, Thailand. 20453

DISCREET

Discreet contact is offered (physical and/or written) with Masters/slaves, Topmen/bottoms Dads/sons, D.Ls/recruits, Bears/cubs, etc For the mutual fulfillment of our sexuality. Age color, race, health status, etc are unimportant All detailed, uninhibited letters, with a photograph/phone# will be answered by an Experienced Sensualist 20127 *

CANADA

THE SLAVEY IN ALL OF US

Canadian Master, academic background, 50's, strong, BD interest, requires youthful live-in slave Preston's "Love of a Master" is my scene Retiring soon, Slave will accompany travels Tired of scams and fantasy-slaves without courage to act Do it now! THIS IS THE REAL THING 88462 *

Leather Masters

Catalog Available

\$10.00

Outside of CA
(800) 417-2636

Custom Leather
B&D Equipment
Electrical Toys
Novelties
and
Much
More!



959 Park Avenue • San Jose, CA 95126 • (408) 293-7660 • Fax (408) 293-7660



INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER

The world's choice for hot men into rubber, leather and fetish action. 100 pages of raunchy photos, international news, cruisy classifieds, erotic book section and more!

U.S. Subscription:

6 Issues \$29.00

12 issues \$59.00

International Subscriptions:

6 Issues \$59.00

12 issues \$119.00

DRUMMER TOUGH CUSTOMERS

50 pages of photo-personals: the one stop for raunchy men looking to connect. Find your own adventure in the very real world!

U.S. Subscription:

4 Issues \$19.95

International Subscription:

4 Issues \$39.95

IT'S HERE!!!

DRUMMER HARDCORE FICTION #1-\$7.99

MARCH TO A DIFFERENT BEAT

YES, I WANT International Drummer _____ Tough Customers

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Payment: Check _____ Money order _____

Visa _____ Mastercard _____ American Express _____ Discover _____

Card number _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Signature required on all orders. I am at least 18 years of age

MAIL ORDERS: Desmodus Inc. Box 410390 San Francisco CA 94141 FAX: 415-252-9574 CREDIT CARDS: 415-252-1195

DRUMMER

MAIL ORDER

DATE IN ATMEN/KAUNCHMEN!!

Want 'yellow funny winks? You need JACK'S!!! 14th year of biggest-newest-launching internet & best network, stories, articles, ads, photos & photos. Sample copy \$10 w/ 21 additional links #2 POB 542253D, Houston, TX 77214

THE DUMP!

Want that thing men like to make BIG BROWN? We VHS \$50-New. Top Quality! Brochure \$5-shipment. 1 225 Magnolia Blvd. #287, North Hollywood, CA 91601

POMPA FAMOUS BROWN BOTTLE
SHIMMA

Put that pure sweet liquid incense rock your soul! Only \$3.99 each. Heaven Sent Me, Inc. P.O. Box 6288, Denver, CO 80206 (303) 331-0011. COD/MC/Visa/Disc welcome. Send \$1.00 for catalog of 100's of items we sell

SHIMMA

Original lush drama just like you remember. \$9.95 each plus shipping. Visa/MC/Disc/Amex. 10% Quantity discount and while inquiries welcome. Call 1-800-267-9318 or 702-696-1115. Visit us at www.tenpercent.com

MODELS NATIONWIDE

KINNY AND VERBAL

Want that thing, 30yo will use & abuse. Into punishment & control. Worship my boots, feet, ass, and hard punch. SF based, but travel to NY & LA. Tony: 415-790-1070

DRAUGHT MAN BIKER

Wister mother fuckin' Tony. Call for my free XXX pic & alot more!! (818) 837-859

ORGANIZATIONS

DAY MALE SM ACTIVISTS

Dedicated to safe and responsible SM since 1981. Open meetings with programs on SM techniques, lifestyle issues, political and social concerns. 8:30 PM, 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Sept-June, 208 W. 13th St., NYC. Also special events, speakers' bureau, workshops, demos, city info groups, news after movie. Write: WMSMA, Dept. D, 496-A Hudson Street, #D-23, NYC NY 10014 (212) 727-9878

PHONE SEX

CASTRATION!! (714) 240-2220

Expert-consultation, VISA-MC

CASTRATION!! (714) 240-2220

Expert-consultation, VISA-MC

KURT ON PATROL!

Red. Cop. Red badge. Real man! Y/MC/AMEX. Any scene! (307) 760-1121. All now

WYOMING COWBOYS!

The real thing! Tough 'n' sweet! 24HRS. 30/721-2027! Credit cards/pre-pay

SERVICES

EXTRORDINARY TATTOO WORK!

Custom-designed. One-of-a-kind. Blackwork and color. By appointment only. MAD DOG TATTOO San Francisco. (415) 552-1297

Have your mail sent here then discreetly forwarded to you wherever you are (even overseas). Chicago voice mail available, too. The Mail Post, 2421-B Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645, (312) 764-0100; Toll free: 1(800) 890-3199 for application/brochure. Established 1981

VIDEOS

FISTING, WHIPPING, TOYS!

Hot fist, whip, plex video. SASE: MTS, Box 187 D, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114

1HR leather & ID VHS, \$50; 5 pax, \$20. ACC, Box 6131-D, Laguna, CA 92607 (29911 Miguel). Optional COD: add \$10 to total



SHIT & PISS!

Brown & Gold Video Action! HOT guys into WHIZZ & DUMPS! World's largest selection. Send \$5 for 28 pg photo illustrated Catalog. SH-videos, 82 Wall Street, Ste 1105, New York, NY 10005-3601. International orders/Yes

**CHECK OUT
 OUR NEW
 LOWER
 CLASSIFIED
 RATES!**

**SEE PAGE 90
 FOR
 COMPLETE
 DETAILS.**

*With guys like this waiting
 to talk to you...*



...why call anyone else?!

**1-800-799-BODYw/cc
 1-900-360-BODY**

Checkusout at
www.wetbodies.com
 For LIVE Video Conferencing

from 2.99mn/18+over only

CLASSIFIEDS

MAKE CONTACT ON THE DRUMMER TOUGH LINE
800-958-TOUCH \$2.99/min. billed to your credit card • 1-900-TM-TOUCH \$2.99/min. billed to your phone

CONNECT
ON THE
DRUMMER
TOUGH
LINE



WATER BOYS



**WORLD'S
LARGEST
CLUB FOR MEN
INTO WATERSPORTS
AND RELATED
KINKS & FETISHES.**
BEER BUSTS, DUNGEON
PARTIES, OUTINGS AND
LARGE, FULL-FEATURED
MAGAZINE. IF YOU LIKE
HOT W/S STORIES AND
WANT TO MEET MEN INTO
W/S, YOU SHOULD BE A
MEMBER OF WATER BOYS.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS WITH MEMBERSHIP

SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED
ENVELOPE TO:

WATERBOYS

1043 UNIVERSITY AVE #202

SAN DIEGO, CA 92103-3352

OR CALL (619) 494-7867 (VOICE MAIL)

PARTY LINE

LOCKER ROOM J/O ORGY

JOIN IN OR EAVESDROP

PHONE SEX IS SAFE SEX

1-900-745-1710

SEX SAMPLES: 1-800-714-4865

CANADIANS CALL: 1-900-451-3216

GANG BANG HOT CYBER

BATH HOUSE ACTION

1-900-745-1621

VISIT OUR WEBSITE

www.hijack.com

MASTURBATION

GET IT OUT • GET IT OFF

1-900-745-1641

MAN HO

BE A BROWN N

1-900-745-2

CUM SUCKERS

EAT YOUR LOAD

1-900-745-2807

CIRCLE JE

GROUP MAN

1-900-745-1



HOT DATING

MEET NEW J/O BUDD

REAL PHONE NUMB

1-900-745-15

FROM CANADA: 1-900-451-3

HOT FUCK TALK: 1-800-294-3

\$2 3.99 MIN • APE SAN RAFAEL CA • 16

NEW WACKET PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

45 MINUTES OF BONDAGE

45 MINUTES OF N. W. TOP ACT BONDAGE

STARRING

ALEX AUSTIN

BLAKE

WILD

TOTALLY NUDE

ON THE EDGE

SINERATIONAL

IF YOU CAN

TOTAL BONDAGE

ONLY \$5.99 PLUS \$4.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING

\$6.00 OVERSEAS AND CANADA

VHS ONLY

SEND NO MONEY ORDERS TO

RICK CASTR

32 N. CHARLEY AV

L.A. 90006

ALL CASH KEYS FOR DELIVERY

STATE YOU ARE 21 YRS OLD AND DON'T LIE

**DY
PC**

DIRK YATES' PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

SAILORS • MARINES • THE GUY NEXT DOOR



Vols. 1-20: \$19.95 each - Vols. 21-40: \$29.95 each - Vols. 41-77: \$39.95 each

CALL 1-800-537-8024 TO ORDER

INTERNATIONAL LEATHERMAN

**HARD SEX
HARD FACTS
HARD MEN**

**ISSUES 6 TIMES A YEAR
FOR JUST \$36.00**

Single Copy \$7.50 Incl. shipping



Sex fiction // Thought-provoking columns // Sex art
from leathermen around the world and the USA
How-to Features // Fetish themes // News and reviews
Nasty photography and filthy suggestions...
and literature // Good ideas from dirty minds!

**TO SUBSCRIBE CALL
(415) 552.1506 or 1.800.234.3877**

THE LEATHER JOURNAL
The World's Leather
Community
News Magazine
12 issues \$63

Eagle
For Leather Men
6 issues \$36

Name Address, signed
age statement to
The Leather Journal
7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109-368
West Hollywood, CA 90046
Fax (213) 656-3120

*the only magazine in the world
devoted exclusively to male bondage*

BOUND & GAGGED



1-800-99-BOUND (1-800-992-6863)

Talk to hot guys who love bondage! \$2 per minute, billed to your Visa/MC

Visit our website! <http://www.nycnet.com/bound&gagged>

subscribe

Get six issues of Bound & Gagged a Year
Make checks payable to THE OUTBOUND PRESS
US Funds Only

Sample Issue (US Only): ☐ \$9.50

Subscriptions: ☐ \$36 United States

\$42 Canada & Mex.co

☐ \$51 Overseas Surface ☐ \$72 Airmail

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

COUNTRY

PHONE

SIGNATURE

method of payment ☐ Visa/MC ☐ Check/Money Order

Credit Card #

Expiration Date

send to:

The Outbound Press

PO Box 2048

New York, NY 10116-2048

tel **212-736-6869**

fax **212-736-0255**

Drummer

the big "**D**" gay men won't go without:
the **D**amron Address Book

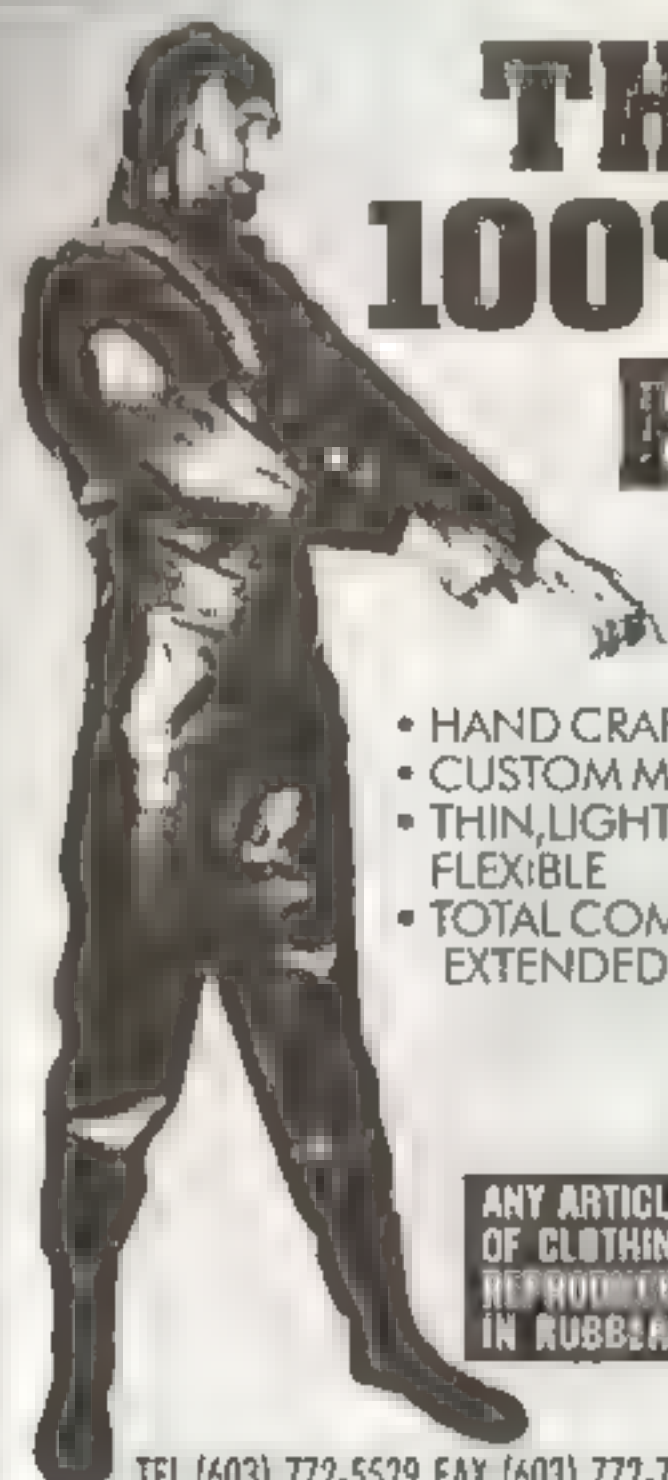
(okay, the other big "**D**"

Damron Gay Travel Guide

Call or surf for a **free** catalog
of our latest gay guides

1-800-462-6655

www.damron.com



THE ONLY 100% PURE RUBBER DRY SUIT.

- HAND CRAFTED
- CUSTOM MADE
- THIN, LIGHT & FLEXIBLE
- TOTAL COMFORT FOR EXTENDED WEAR

ANY ARTICLE
OF CLOTHING
REPRODUCED
IN RUBBER!



16 ROBIN RD RYE NH 03870

TEL (603) 772-5529 FAX (603) 772-7112

1-800-DRY SUIT

QUE Pasa

MAGAZINE

FROM THE BARRIOS OF L.A., TIJUANA, & MEXICO CITY

COOL AND TOUGH GUYS DROP THEIR SHORTS AND LET YOU ADMIRE
THE NATURAL BEAUTY OF THEIR YOUNG BODIES. All in color! All new models! All 18+



To order send check or money order for \$17.00

U.S. residents add \$2.00 shipping & handling
Foreign add \$4.00 U.S. dollars only

Make checks payable to:

Que Pasa Magazine
P.O. Box 1000 San Diego, CA 92112

Print Name Clearly

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

☐ check/money order

☐ VISA

☐ Master Card

Card#

Exp. Date

Signature: _____

I certify that I am at least eighteen years of age

This magazine is shipped in a plain brown envelope. Please allow four weeks for delivery.

MEET MANLY MEN
IN YOUR AREA

ALL MEN
WTO LEATHER
BARS • S&M • &
DOZENS OF
CATEGORIES

CONNECTIONS USA
MEETING PERSONAL

CLUB PARADISE

ALL MALES • PENNSYLVANIA

1-900-336-4444

PHONE CALLING

1-888-808-MEET

VISA / MC / AMEX (6338)

\$2.99/min. Must be 18+



CALL 1-800-549-4636. TOLL-FREE for a
Complete Directory of Men Phone Sex Numbers

and GUARANTEED DELIVER FORWARDING OF ALL YOUR NEXT MAIL

100

DRUMMER LEATHER FRATERNITY

PHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER TOUGH LINE VOICE MAN

(1-800-448-6844, billed to your phone number)

CHANGING YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

Changes must be submitted in writing along with a payment of \$10.

CANCELLATIONS AND DISCLAIMERS

AD COPY One character per box, including punctuation and spaces.

NAME: _____

100

115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110

PHONE: ()

11/20/2001

Personal Ad or Leather Fraternity Model/Escort/Commercial

1999

State _____ National _____ International _____
Specify (U.S.A.) Specify

DATE FILED: 10/2/05

2. WORD COUNT Enter dollar amount from grid below:

13

b. FREQUENCY number of insertions multiplied by tune #0

b.

£. DISCOUNT Deduct 10% for 4 or more insertions:

2

1. SUBTOTAL OF LINES 1 & 2 =

118

2. BOX NUMBER (Optional) One time charge \$5.00:

2

3. TELEPHONE NUMBER VERIFICATION (Optional):

One time charge of \$2.00*

1

4. TOTAL PRICE CLASSIFIED AD

43

5a. DRUMMER LEATHER FRATERNITY, BLACK LEVEL:
\$185 for U.S., \$240 for foreign.

548

5th. DRUMMER LEATHER FRATERNITY, BLUE LEVEL:
\$135 for U.S. and foreign.

5b. 8

6. TOTAL AMOUNT THIS ORDER:

• •

PAYMENT: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Payable to Desmondus Inc.)

CREDIT CARD PAYMENT: Visa Mastercard American Express Discover

Card Number	Expiration Date
-------------	-----------------

SIGNATURE REDIARED X

By my signature above I declare that I am 18 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proof of my ad will be supplied to me for approval and waive all claims regarding inaccurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical difficulties. I understand that Desmond, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions that occur between myself and any persons with whom I make contact through the company's publications. Desmond, Inc. has the right to publish my advertisement in the classified section of International Drummer magazine or in Drummer Tough Customers magazine.

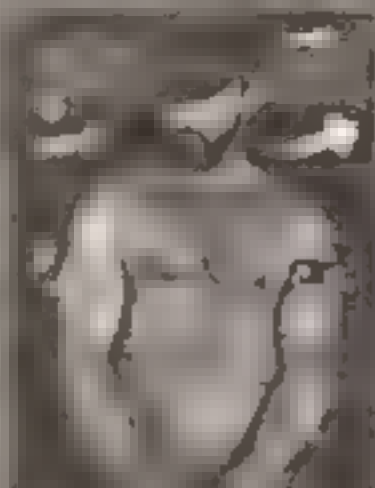
NEED MORE SPACE? Print rest on a separate sheet. For every 25 characters, salaries add \$2.50 for Personal ads, \$30 (2.50 x 12 issues), for Leather Fraternity ads, \$5 for Model/Escort/Commercial Ads.

SEND COMPLETED FORM TO: INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS • P.O. BOX 410390 • SAN FRANCISCO CA 94141

RUNNER

CELEBRATING

20



PUBLISHING

BACK ISSUES ORDER FORM

1 issue \$5 (NLG 15,00) 3 issues \$10
(NLG 40,00) 8 issues \$25 (NLG 95,00)
18 issues \$50 (NLG 85,00)
40 issues \$100 (NLG 350,00)

AVAILABLE ISSUES Circle your selections

9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39
41	44	42	43	45	46	47
48	49	51	52	53	54	55
56	58	59	61	62	63	64
65	66	67	68	69	70	71
72	73	74	75	76	77	78
79	81	82	83	84	85	86
87	88	89	90	91	92	93
94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	108	109
110	111	112	113	114	116	117
118	120	127	128	129	130	131
132	133	134	135	136	137	138
139	140	141	143	144	145	147
148	149	150	151	152	153	154
155	156	157	158	159	160	161
163	164	165	166	167	168	169
170	171	172	173	174	175	176
177	178	179	180	181	182	183
184	185	186	187	188	189	190
191	192	193	194	195	196	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

CA residents add 8.5% sales tax

Country _____

U.S.A.: Check or money order \$ _____

Europe: EuroCheck or MO \$NLG

CHARGE (check one)

Visa _____ MC _____ American Exp. _____

Card Number _____

Exp. Date _____

SIGNATURE _____

I am at least 21 years of age. Signature required

MAIL ORDERS, U.S.A.

RoB Gallery 30 Guerrero Street

San Francisco CA 94103

CREDIT CARDS 415-252-1198

FAX 415-865-1470

MAIL ORDERS, EUROPE

Desmodus, International

Postbus 16602

R&B

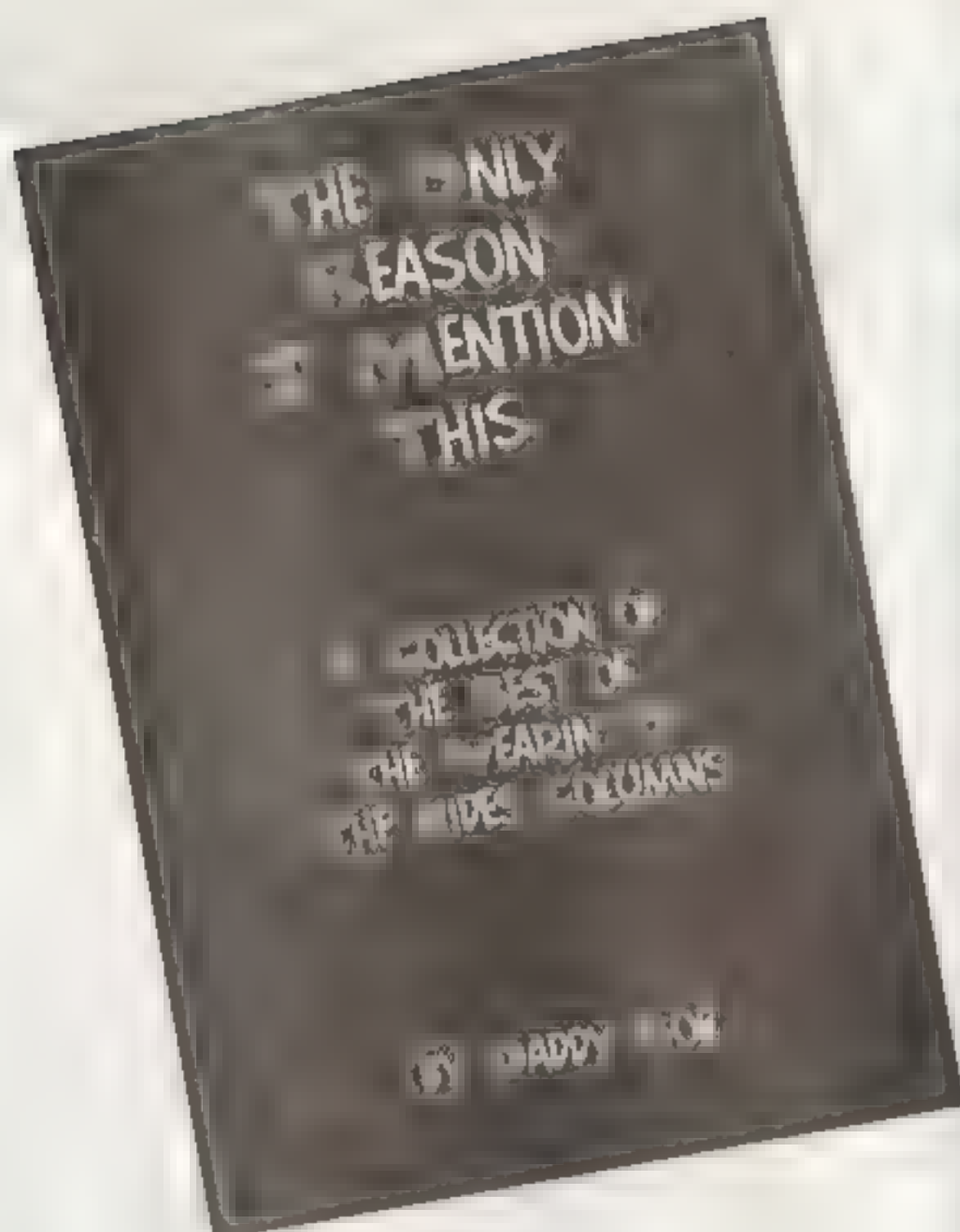
THE ONLY REASON I MENTION THIS THE DADDY BOB COLLECTION

\$12.95

Plus \$3 Shipping &
A. esuer in additioal tax

Order Now!

The Leather Journal
7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109-368
West Hollywood, CA 90046
Fax: (213) 656-3120



"You're not looking at
me boy! I just know
you're not looking
at me."

It's not real
smart to catch
the attention
of an Academy
instructor

then again,
maybe it is...



You don't want it more real
than the Academy Training Center

Prison
Chain Gang

Marine Brig
POW Camp

Call For Upcoming Program Dates

All instructors are professional
& military, correctional and
law enforcement personnel

ACADEMY
TRAINING CENTER
GEORGIA

THE ACADEMY'S NEWEST VIDEO KICK-ASS COPS



Three Academy instructors take
over one of the country's most
notorious dungeons and teach a
hitch-hiker a thing or two about
respect and telling the truth. One of
the instructors learns a painful lesson, too.

ONLY
\$49.95
plus \$4 shipping
and handling
(JSA)

The Academy
Accepts: VISA
Master Card,
American Express

Make Checks Payable To
Academy Entertainment Inc.

Videos available in VHS and in PAL & SECAM European Formats

11770 Haynes Bridge Rd
Suite 205-366-D
Alpharetta, GA 30201
(770) 667-0793

Send \$8 to receive a set of brochures and to
be listed on the Academy Training Center
mailing list. Anyone purchasing a video is
automatically added to the list

CASEY RICHARDS

the dildo movie!

From Casey Richards
the critically acclaimed
master of Fun and Fetish
comes an awesome odyssey
of truly incredible dildo insanity!

Over 90 minutes of extreme assplay action!

30 DILDO STUPS
100% DILDO ACTION
100% DILDO ACTION
100% DILDO ACTION
100% DILDO ACTION
100% DILDO ACTION

Handball Marathon Sexual Saga

Mark Everett

Batt Crawford

Jarod Clark
Mark Hammer
Zak Spears
Ray Butler
Wolff
Tony Dark

D.J. Austin
Joe Butler
Devon Thomas
Max Stone
Rip Stone

Kenny Floyd

Casey Richards

Pig Play Productions

7800 Santa Monica Blvd. Suite 100
West Hollywood, CA 90046

the Dildo Movie!	Unit Price	QUANTITY
Handball Marathon, Part 1	\$69.00	
Handball Marathon, Part 2	\$69.00	
Handball Marathon, Part 3	\$69.00	

Shipping \$4.00
A residents add 8.5% sales tax

CUSTOMER CERTIFICATION

ST _____ Zip _____

X _____
By my signature, certify that I am at least 21 years of age

PLEASE, NO POST OFFICE BOXES

ALL RS SHIPPED BY UPS GROUND DELIVERY

VIDEO AVAILABLE

ZAK SPEARS
RAY BUTLER
Handball Marathon PART I

BUCK HAMMER
JAROD CLARK
Handball Marathon PART II

STARRING
MARK EVRETT
MAX STONE
Handball Marathon PART III



SPOTLIGHT ON THE WORKS

Situated in northeast Indianapolis, The Works has been a steam, soap and Sex DESTINATION for men across the United States. This fifty-seven room bathhouse has been packing 'em in for nineteen years, most recently under the ownership of Charles Creed and Brent Creek. Twenty-four hours a day, guests enjoy a full range of spa services, including steam and dry sauna, hot tub and Universal Nautilus gym. Recent upgrades include inhalation with eucalyptus for your heavy breathing in the sauna! When you're thoroughly relaxed, enjoy the snack vendors, gift shop and video areas on both floors. Upstairs you will find the latest releases in male video playing in theatre surround sound. As a community service, HIV testing is available to any guest on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Rooms are available from \$8.00 to \$12.00 with a range of amenities for your privacy and pleasure!

When you're in Indianapolis, Remember to visit this original bathhouse

THE WORKS
4120 N. Keystone
Indianapolis, Indiana
Open 7 Days a Week, 24 Hours A Day



1508 N.E.
4 AVENUE
FORT
LAUDERDALE
FLORIDA
33305

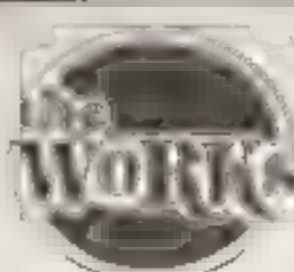
305/763/8219

DADDY'S

San Francisco's Newest Leather & Levi Bar

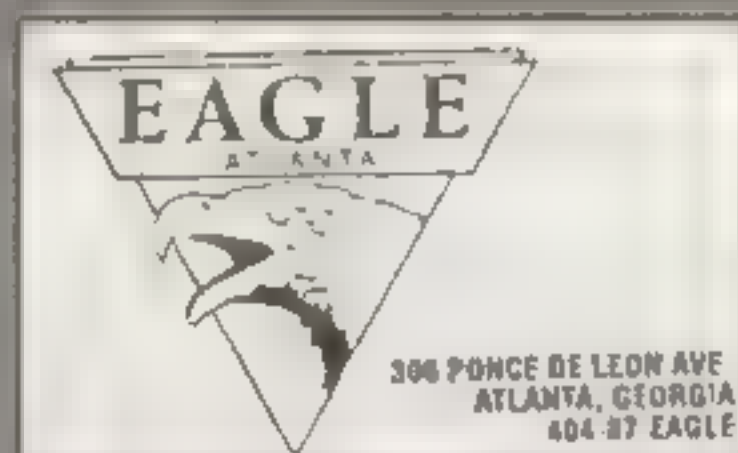
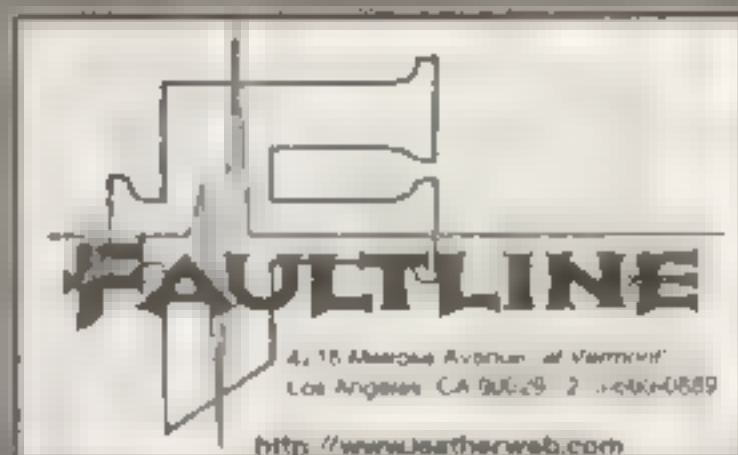
440 Castro Street
San Francisco, CA 94114

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK • 6AM - 2AM • HAPPY HOUR 4-5PM M-F



A Social
Club For
Gay Men

4120 N. Keystone
Indianapolis, IN 46205
317-547-9210



SPACE AVAILABLE

See Your Ad Here.
Only \$95!

DIXIE BELLE

1925 MANN • K.C. MO • 816/471-2424

BUTCHMANN'S

SM TRAINING WEEKEND

Beginning to Advanced \$365

For Serious SM Interests

Gay, Lesbian & Straight

PO BOX 699 PALM DESERT, CA

ZIP 92261 PH# (619) 776-9205



1254 BOYLSTON BOSTON 617 266-2986



HOUSE BERLIN FAX 030/213 44 64



2022 N. Charles Street
Baltimore, MD 21218
(410) 82-EAGLE



**MANHANDLER
SALOON**

CHICAGO
1948 N. Halsted St. (312) 871-3339



ISLAND HOUSE

Enclosed Tropical Compound of 34 Units
Clothing Optional, large Pool, Sauna, Jacuzzi, Cafe

Call 800-898-6284

(305) 284-8284-FAX (305) 292-885

18% Leather Discount - 1129 Fleming St. Key West, FL



Home of International Mr. Leather, Inc.

CHICAGO EAGLE
5015 N. CLARK STREET

**EAGLE IN
EXILE**

863 N. Fourth St.
COLUMBUS, OH 43201
(614) 284-9858

OPEN WED. THRU SAT.
8:00 TO 2:00
DRESS CODE ENFORCED

**CHAIN-
DRIVE**
AUSTIN, TEXAS

504 Willow St

(512) 480-9017

SPACE AVAILABLE

**See Your Ad Here.
Only \$95!**

LA & M

Leather Archives & Museum

Visit The Museum

Now Open Every Saturday

4 PM until Midnight

Archives Are Open By Appointment For
Serious Research

(Send for Free Brochure)

Actively Seeking Archival Donations
Collections - History - Papers

5007 N. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, IL 60640

(312) 275-1570



View wk by Rev

IRS-501(c)(3)

LEVI CRUISE

SPURS

CINCINNATI

326 EAST EIGHTH STREET

513/621-2658



PREMIER LEATHER & UNIFORM BAR

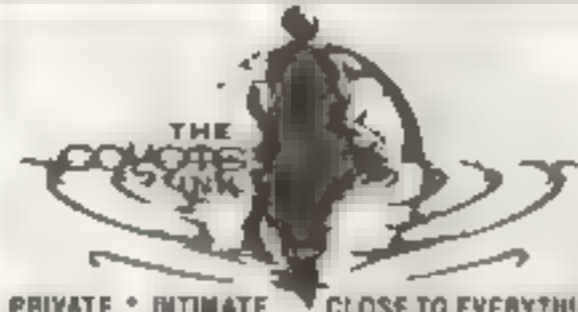
Open Daily 2:00 PM

FULL LIQUOR BAR

"LEATHER IS OUR LANGUAGE"

4219 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90029

(213) 669-9472



PRIVATE • INTIMATE • CLOSE TO EVERYTHING
ALL THE COMFORTS • REASONABLE RATES
234 S. PATENCIO RD • PALM SPRINGS, CA 92262
(800) 269-6830 (619) 322-9675



San Francisco
Inquire about our

FANTASY WEEKEND (415) 863-0131

A leather Levi-western
bed and breakfast

Quiet, relaxed envi-
ronment. Fireplace
sundeck kitchen

Castro Street Victorian
house Minutes to
South of Market

HOUSTON'S PREMIER
DANCE / CRUISE BAR

**WHERE REAL MEN
STILL DANCE**

FEATURING
CAGED HEAT / MEN BEHIND BARS
713/523-0213

**PACIFIC
STREET**
HOUSTON, TEXAS

**Mercury
Mail Order**

Just one of the items offered
in our 32-page

VALUE PACKED CATALOG

Send \$5.00, Name, Address
and Zip to:

Mercury Mail Order

4084 18th St. Dept X

San Francisco CA 94114

**WE
DELIVER**



1992 Mercury Mail Order

To List Your Event

Send press releases and other information to:

International Drummer Calendar,
PO Box 410390
San Francisco, CA
94141-0390

FAX (415) 252 9574
Email: Drummerhq@slip.net

WORLD-WIDE CALENDAR

JANUARY

4 Bar Night
Jheca Tri's MC, Unica, NY

4 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Meeting in Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

4 Bar Night
Northwest Bears, Seattle, WA

4 Holiday Party
Knights of Malta, Seattle, WA

4 Bar Night
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

4 Spanking Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

5 Bar Night
Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

5 Club Meeting
Shipmates, Baltimore, MD

7 A Night Of Flogging
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

8 Couples Group: Body Mummification
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

8 Bar Night
GMS/MA, New York, NY

9 Bar Night
Sand Men, San Diego, CA

10 Couples Social
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

10 Leather & Law
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

10 SM 101: Introduction to SM
AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

11 Bellingham's
Imperial Court of Bellingham

11 Bowling
Dikke Maatjes, Bowling Center Krijn, Amsterdam

11 Golden Shower
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

11 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

11 Kubus Rotterdam Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

11 Ms. Fallen Angels Leather Contest
Los Angeles, CA

11 Reel Bears Movie Night
Renegade Bears, Seattle, WA

11 Social Night
Manmore LLC, Wilmington, NC

11 Workshop: Flogging
GMS/MA, New York, NY

12 Bar Meeting
Netherbears, Bar Le Shaka, Amsterdam

12 VSSM NY
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

14 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

14 Bar Meeting
Various Perspectives
Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

15 Bar Night
Golden Gate Guards, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA

15 Women/Submissive
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

15 SM
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

17 Bar Night
Vancouver Leather Alliance, Vancouver, BC

17 Jack Off
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

17 Spanking Social
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

17 Tough Customers Party
Pistons, Long Beach, CA

17-19 Fiesta de Los Osos
Bears of the Old Pueblo Tucson, AZ

17-19 Bear Rendezvous
San Francisco, CA

17-19 Bears Do Las Vegas
Bears of Idaho, Las Vegas, NV

17-19 Gay Session I
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

17-19 Mr. Ohio Valley Leather Contest
Boy Toy Productions, Columbus, OH

17-20 Portland Uniform Workshop V
In Uniform / America Uniform Association, Portland, OR

18 Bar Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shaka, Amsterdam

18 Dungeon Play Party
ONYX, Chicago, IL

18 Dungeons And Drag Queens
San Francisco, CA

18 Dinner In The
Dikke Maatjes, Amsterdam

18 Enforcers Of Rhode Island
Providence, RI

18 Hibernation Party
Oregon Bears, Portland, OR

18 Novice Excursion To A NYC SM Club
Portland, OR

18 Officer's Mess
Portland Uniform Club, Portland, OR

18 Overnight Stay On US Navy Submarine
Portland Uniform Club, Portland, OR

18 Play Party
Santitas, San Diego, CA

18 Ripped Jeans Contest
Alameda County Leather Corps, Hayward, CA

18 Third Annual Mr. Southern California Bear Contest
Bears of the Old Pueblo Tucson, AZ

18 Bar Meeting
Portland Uniform Club, Portland, OR

19 Beer/Soda Bust And Charity Auction
Bears of the Old Pueblo Tucson, AZ

19 Grant Reception
Bears of the Old Pueblo Tucson, AZ

19 Power: The Leather Dance
Old X Chicago, IL

19 SMI Brunch
Seattle Men in Leather, Seattle, WA

19 VSSM SM
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

20 Bears Invade Six Flags Magic Mountain
Bears of the Old Pueblo Tucson, AZ

21 Club Meeting
Orange Coast Leather Assembly, Garden Grove, CA

21 Spanking Workshop
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

22 Beer Bust
Golden Gate Guards, Daddy's, San Francisco, CA

22 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

22 Shocked And Appealed
GMS/MA, New York, NY

22 SM Without Pain
H.A. Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

23 Coalition Of Community Organizations
Pride Project, Seattle, WA

24 Beer Bust
Santitas, San Diego, CA

24 Big Dutch 'Afzakkerij'

Big Dutch, The Queenspub, Eindhoven, Holland

24 Big Dutch Sauna
Big Dutch, Sauna Jagua, Ledegandstraat 1, Eindhoven

24 Golden Shower
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

24 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

24-26 Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend
Centaur MC, Washington, DC

24-26 Mr. Ohio Valley Leather Contest
Boy Toy Productions, Columbus, OH

25 Dungeon Demo
GMS/MA, New York, NY

25 Everett's
Imperial Court of Everett

25 Meeting
Tameal Leather Club, Greensboro, NC

26 Club Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven

28 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

28 SM Etiquette
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

29 Dominant Men/Submissive Women: Literary Contest Awards
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

31 Big Dutch Sauna Meeting
Sauna Jagua, Eindhoven

31-Feb. 2 Pantheon of Leather Awards VII
The Leather Journal, New Orleans, LA

31 Rubber Night
Renegades, New York, NY

FEBRUARY

1 Bar Night
Unica Tri's MC, Unica, NY

1 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

1 Beggar's Feast
Knights Of Malta, Seattle, WA

1 Club Meeting
Dikke Maatjes Gith & North, The Company, Amsterdam

1 Mr. and Mrs. Olympus
New Orleans, LA

1 Mr. Connecticut Bear Rumble
Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

1 Opening Reception For Pantheon Of Leather VII
New Orleans, LA

1 SM Night
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

1 Spank Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

1-2 21st Anniversary
Jackaross, Melbourne, Australia

1-2 Pantheon of Leather
New Orleans, LA

2 Black Hearts Ball
Pantheon Of Leather, New Orleans, LA

2 Pantheon Of Leather Community Service
New Orleans, LA

2 Bar Meeting
Golden Gate Guards, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA

2 Seattle Mr. Leather
Seattle, WA

7-9 Gay Session I
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

8 Anniversary
Club de Cur Prodateurs, Montreal, Quebec

8 Golden Shower
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

8 Fourth Anniversary
Icon Detroit, Detroit, MI

8 Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

8 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

8 Leather Elegance
Alameda County Leather Corps, Hayward, CA

8 Party
Vulcan American Southern California, Palm Springs, CA

8 Social Night
Manmore LLC, Wilmington, NC

9 Bar Meeting
Netherbears, Bar Le Shaka, Amsterdam

9 SM 201: Get The Point
AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

9 VSSM FF
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

11 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

11 Mardi Gras Party
San Francisco, CA

12-15 20th Anniversary
The Pennsman, Harrisburg, PA

13 Bar Night / Play Party
SandMen, San Diego, CA

14-16 20th Black Fling
Black Guard, Minneapolis, MN

14-16 Let Us Entertain You
Houston Council of Clubs, Houston, TX

14-16 Mid-Atlantic Leather
Centaur MC, Washington, DC

15 Bar Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shaka, Amsterdam

15 Dinner In The
Dikke Maatjes, Dinner in the Sauna, Amsterdam

15 Imperial Court of Seattle
WA

15 Uniform
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

16 Constantines of the Bay Area
30th Anniversary Party, San Francisco, CA

16 Portland Mr. Leather
Portland, OR

16 President's Party
Key West Wreckers, Key West, FL

16 VSSM SM
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

16-18 BIG & Bear Weekend 1996
Elect Mr. Chubby/Mr. Bear/Mr. Chaser, Dikke Maatjes Gith & North, Amsterdam

17-19 Mr. Ohio Valley Leather Contest
Boy Toy Productions, Columbus, OH

18 Bar Meeting
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21 Bear Bust
SandMen, San Diego, CA

21 Big Dutch 'Afzakkerij'
Big Dutch, Bar The Queenspub, Eindhoven

21 Big Dutch Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Ledegandstraat 1, Eindhoven

21 Jack Off
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21-23 22nd Anniversary Run
Blue Max CC, St. Louis, MO

21-23 Freeze & Sneeze V
Leather United Chicago, Indianapolis, IN

21-23 International Bear Rendezvous
Bears of SF, Lone Star Saloon, San Francisco, CA

22 14th Anniversary
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

22 27th Anniversary
Junker Riders MC, Seattle, WA

22 Border Riders MC
27th Anniversary Celebration

22 Coronation
Imperial Court of San Francisco, San Francisco, CA

22 FF Nacht
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

22 Meeting
Tartool Leather Club, Greensboro, NC

22 San Francisco's Coronation
Imperial Court of San Francisco

23 Big Dutch Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland

25 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

25 Play Workshop
NLA: Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

26 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

28 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

28 Big Dutch Club Meeting
Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Golden Shower
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

28-Mar. 2 Lions Pride VIII: The Bronze Age/Eighth Anniversary
Menomare LLC, Wilmington, NC

MARCH

1 Auction II
Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

1 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

1 First Anniversary
Man of Rubber, Chicago, IL

1 Mardi Gras
Sydney, Australia

1 Rubber
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

1 Spank Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

8 Golden Shower
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

8 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

8 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

8 Social Night
Menomare LLC, Wilmington, NC

8 Bar Meeting
Netherbears, Bar Le Shako, Amsterdam

5 SM 201

AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

5 VSSM FF

Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

11 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

14 Leather & Law
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

14-16 Workshop Weekend For Men Only

Master & slave Institute, POB 13023, Chicago, IL 60613

15 Bar Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shako, Amsterdam

15 Boot Black
Unicorns of Madison, Chicago Eagle, Chicago, IL

15 Movie Giveaway
Knights of Malta, Seattle, WA

15 ON

Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

15 Dinner in The Sauna
Dikke Maatjes, Amsterdam

16 VSSM SM
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

16 SM
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21 Black Party
The Cuff, Seattle, WA

21 Jack Off
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21-23 3rd Anniversary Run
FIST, Baltimore, MD

21-23 Mr. and Ms. New Mexico Leather Contest
Albuquerque, NM

21-30 Washington State Leather Pride Week
Seattle, WA

22 Crossing The Border And Playing Outside Canada
NLA: Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

22 Cuff 4th Anniversary Celebration
The Cuff, Seattle, WA

22 Seal
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

22 Vancouver BC Coronation
Dogwood Monarchist Society, Vancouver, BC

22-23 Mr. and Ms. Baltimore Eagle Contest
Baltimore Eagle, Baltimore, MD

23 8th Anniversary Branch
Seattle Men In Leather, Seattle, WA

25 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

25 Bellingham SM Leather Munch
B-Kin, Rumors, 8pm, Bellingham, WA

25 Doomed Rabbit Night
Beyond the Edge Cafe, Seattle, WA

25 Beer Blast
Golden Gate Guards, Daddy's, San Francisco, CA

26 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

27 International Titleholder's Night
The Cuff, Seattle, WA

27 Taste Of Realism Conversation
SKIN, 7:30pm @ Beyond the Edge Cafe, Seattle, WA

28 Club Meeting
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven

28 Big Dutch 'Afzakkerij'
Big Dutch, Bar The Queenspub, Eindhoven

28 Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Ledeganckstraat 1, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Golden Shower
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Meet And Greet For Washington State Mr. Leather Contest
WSMLO, The Cuff, Seattle, WA

28 Rubber Night
Renegades, New York, NY

28 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

28 Washington State Ms. Leather Contest
Seattle, WA

28 Women's Event Fundraiser
Washington State Ms. Leather, Seattle, WA

29 Bar

Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

29 Washington State Mr. Leather Contest
WSMLO, Neighbors, Seattle, WA

30 Biker Beer Bust
Border Riders MC, Seattle Eagle, Seattle, WA

30 Washington State Leather Awards And Victory Brunch
The Encore, Seattle, WA

APRIL

4-5 Gay Session I
Batchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

4-6 4th Anniversary Party
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

4-6 Rubbout VI
Vancouver, BC

5 Anniversary
Tartool Leather Club, Greensboro, NC

5 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

5 Mr. Connecticut Drummer Contest
Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

5 SM Night
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

5 Spank Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

11-12 Pansexual Workshop Weekend
Master & slave Institute, POB 13023, Chicago, IL 60613

12 Beer Blast
Golden Gate Guards, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA

12 Bowling Tournament
Dikke Maatjes, Bowling Center Knijn, Amsterdam

12 Golden Shower

Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

12 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

12 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

12 Social Night
Menomare LLC, Wilmington, NC

13 Meeting
Netherbears, Le Shako, Amsterdam

13 SM 101: Intro To SM
AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

13 VSSM FF
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

16 SM
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

18 Jack Off
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

18 Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shako, Amsterdam

18 Dinner in The Sauna
Dikke Maatjes, Amsterdam

18-20 Men's Play Weekend
Ft. Lauderdale Leather Guild, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

18-20 Trails End/Anniversary
Kansas City Pioneers, Kansas City, MO

19 Uniform
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

19-20 Mr. and Ms. Baltimore Eagle Contest
Baltimore Eagle, Baltimore, MD

20 VSSM SM

Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

23 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

25 Big Dutch Club Meeting
Club for Chubbies, Bears, and Chasers. @ Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven

25 Big Dutch 'Afzakkerij'
Big Dutch, Bar The Queenspub, Eindhoven

25 Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Ledeganckstraat 1, Eindhoven

25 Outdoor Shower
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

25 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

25-27 Flesta UnChained Run/Anniversary
Chain of Command, San Antonio, TX

25-27 Spring in The South
Atlanta SM Solidarity, Atlanta, GA

25-27 Straight Session I
Batchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

26 Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland

26 FF Night
Vogevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

26 The Prom You Never Went To
Tacky Tourists Club, Seattle, WA

26 Watersports
NLA: Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

30 4th Anniversary
Vancouver Leather Alliance, Vancouver, BC

Reflections of the Bath

BY THOMAS LUKENS, ©1996

Around the world today and throughout history, wherever men get together to take off their clothes, sex seems to be a natural result. It makes sense. Distinctions of wealth and rank are stored safely with the clothes, freeing the body in more ways than one. Negotiations can be conducted efficiently. For personal safety, it certainly beats outside cruising or picking up a trick. Best of all, the washing up afterwards is pleasurable in itself.

The worldwide phenomenon of openly advertised, exclusively gay baths is almost certainly a post-Stonewall development, and a great unifier of gay culture. It is a distinctive amenity that enriches international travel for gay people. A certain lockerroom intimacy prevails in the relaxation areas (as distinct from the play areas) of the typical baths, and honest, personal conversation between natives of different countries is more likely to occur there than in bars and discos.

I never went to the baths before I moved to San Francisco in 1980, even though my home town, Chicago, had several. But once in SF I didn't waste much time. In my closeted phase the baths seemed an ideal solution of how to have a full-bodied sex life without bringing anyone home. But even with an openly gay home life, baths are still the best answer to the question, "Whadya do when ya gotta have it now?"

The baths are a recurring bone of partisan contention. For some, the baths of twenty years ago belong to a lost age of innocence, when man-to-man sex was first discovered to be both beautiful and harmless. The abandonment of restraint and the feats of endurance regularly practiced then remain an ideal of sexual expression unlikely to be recreated in our

lifetime. For others the baths are a cesspool of infection, spreading disease among those who can't make responsible choices around sex. We can't stop the unprotected sex, but we could make it harder by closing the baths.

Why all the fuss? It can't be just the unleashing of animal sexuality. The tea-rooms and the cruising parks are far more bestial. But in the baths a patron is protected by the law. Should this be so? The strongest argument for closing the baths is that they spread disease. Do they? Perhaps. I know I caught herpes at the baths and some surely contract AIDS there. The diseases that are sexually transmitted in gay life are also transmitted at the baths. But do the baths promote the transmission? As far as AIDS goes, the baths promote protection—directly by providing materials and indirectly through peer-group pressure. The guy who takes an unwrapped dick up his butt at the baths will do it anywhere.

For a long time the baths were my preferred sexual outlet of choice. Today I say, "No thanks." When I connect with someone at the baths, perhaps a shy man, I want to take time and explore his sexual psyche. Maybe he finds this invasive (as many do), so the encounter gets cut short. Or maybe he really likes it, but freezes from the attention (and strange hands) that a hot scene inevitably draws or the space becomes too cramped. Then, my best result is to persuade him to come home

with me. It can be really great when it happens. But when the reason I go to the baths is to pick up a man to come home, I know I'm a fringe player and the odds are against me. So, I leave the baths for others.

It's pointless to criticize the baths for what they're not. The baths in 1996 must be very unlike 1976. But if the baths have changed a lot since then, I've changed even more and I would go back if I could. The baths reflect who we are in our naked sexuality. Go there and take a look. Do you see infection and emotional disturbance? Do you see a celebration of animal vitality? Do you see humor and intelligence and compassion? Look again. It's all there.



1 + 8 0 0 + M A N T A L K
6 2 6 + 8 2 5 5

AS LOW AS
10 CENTS
A MINUTE

ORGY+1 ON 1
CRUISER LINE
INSTANTLY UPDATED

SINCE 1982 THE CONNECTER HAS BEEN SEXUALLY EXPLICIT

WE ACCEPT VISA / MASTER CARD • AND NOW WE TAKE CHECKS BY PHONE

THE CONNECTER, Inc. 584 CASTRO ST. SUITE 540 S.F. CA. 94114 • WHEN IN S.F. VISIT THE 1 8 0 8 CLUB

1 - 900 - H O T - L T H R
\$1.98 PER MINUTE 1 - 9 0 0 - 4 6 8 - 5 8 4 7

THE LEATHER LINE™

CALL
NOW!

1-888-FOR-KINK

24 HOUR
HARD-CORE
ACTION!

011-592-599-906

low cost Int'l LD

HOT, HARD
LEATHERMEN

1-268-404-4402

low cost Int'l LD

1-900

HOT-LEATHER

must be 18+ prices subject to change
©1996 ELEGANT COMMUNICATIONS

\$2.99 min.

www.cumfast.com